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THE MALE APPROACH

HEINRICH WOLF

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THE MALE APPROACH

By DR. HEINRICH F. WOLF

Preface by

DR. ALFRED ADLER

"The necessity of studying this subject," writes Dr. Adler in his introduction to this book,' will be clear to all who realize how little prepared human beings are for love, and what difficulties, as a result, arise. Of the three main problems of life, the social, the economic and the amatory, we have made least progress in the solution of the last. From earliest childhood, a human being finds the way paved for work, for comradeship and for friendship. The field of love remains for many years in darkness, and when the light does at length begin to shine, each one finds himself alone, and unacquainted for the most part with the emotional life and the requirements of his mate. The laws adapted to love usually remain unknown, and conflict with the inadequate preparation of the individual.

"When, therefore," concludes Dr. Adler, "an author sets forth with scientific impartiality and ethical earnestness to bring a part of this problem nearer to a solution, we should value it as a beginning. All those who are conscious of their social duties will welcome this book with a sense of gratitude."

Dr. Wolf's handling of this theme, one of the oldest in all history, but one which appears never to lose its vernal fascination, is that of the earnest truth-seeking scientist, possessed of a deep ethical and social sense.

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DR. HEINRICH F. WOLF

DR. HEINRICH WOLF was born in Austria on September 23, 1872. He studied medicine in Prague and Vienna, was graduated from the German University of Prague, in 1897, and then took further courses under Krafft-Ebing and other medical teachers in Vienna. In the year 1900 he studied philosophy under Mach, physics under Boltzmann, political economy under Menger and Philippovich. In later years he became a pupil of Hans Vaihinger, the author of "The Philosophy of As-If". As a physician, Dr. Wolf specialized in physical therapy and is at present attached to the Mt. Sinai Hospital. He has written many articles dealing with experimental medicine, and in the year 1926 published a book in German dealing with the same theme as THE MALE APPROACH. Besides practising his specialty, and writing articles and books, Dr. Wolf has been lecturing in New York on the problem of sex in its relation to economics.

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Foreword

In the year 1926 I wrote a book called "Die Strategie der maennlichen Annaeherung," which was published by the *Ilosverlag* in Vienna.

Since then it has become more and more clear to me that the problem of the male approach in sex relations ought to be treated not only as a phenomenon of the love game but in its causal relations to economics, the general trend of social evolution, and as a symptom of the times.

Only by baring the interrelations of all the manifestations in the struggle of the sexes will it be possible to come to a practical, useful solution of the problems involved.

In the writing of this book I have been aided to a very large extent by the coöperation of Mrs. Adele Szold Seltzer. Her keen sense of the logic of facts, and her mastery of the English language, has been of the greatest service to me and it gives me pleasure to express my gratitude to her.

Heinrich F. Wolf.

Preface

THE writing of this book seemed to me at first an audacious venture. But soon I found that the author's daring was directed upon a work of broad usefulness, and I was glad, therefore, to accompany it with a few introductory remarks.

There are two difficulties in the way of presenting the problem dealt with in this book. Nature and civilization require of the sexes definite forms of approach, different for each sex. The masculine approach is relatively simple, obvious, superficial, and not greatly variable. The individual male's specific way, or, so to speak, style of being gives, as it does to all his manifestations, the basic tone of his courting. And the concrete "architectonic" superstructure is not likely to meet the loftiest demands of aesthetics or good taste. Essentially, the male approach bears the outward appearance of aggressiveness, which it has preserved through the centuries in the relations of the sexes like a rule in a game.

The feminine approach is different. It is no less active, but it lacks the outward appearance of aggression. At the same time it aims at effectiveness, and on account of this, to bear up the additional weight, it requires a larger balloon of spirituality, and so it displays itself in subtler, more varied and more artful forms.

Occasionally it happens that men and women change their rôles in the matter of courtship.

The more manifest aggressiveness of the male imposes the greater responsibility upon him. It makes no difference what the preliminaries may have been; the essential thing is that ultimately the male, as in an open declaration of war, exposes the designs that have been previously cherished in secret, and undertakes to change the situation that until now has been outwardly a peaceful one.

It is because of this quality of an open sallying forth that masculine courting and its consequences are viewed more critically than feminine conduct, and one difficulty in the discussion of the present problem consists in avoiding a too severe judgment of the male method of courtship as basically bad in contrast with the female way.

The second difficulty, in the treatment of a subject like this, is how to prevent the giving of information to unscrupulous, unsocial pleasure-seekers that would enable them to take advantage of woman's ignorance and weakness. For unquestionably the male wooer is aided in his purpose by the unsocial male privilege and his better knowledge of the world, often also by his superior economic position.

This difficulty the author has mastered in brilliant fashion. Even the most ill-disposed will not be able to discover in his treatment of the subject anything but a sincere desire for scientific elucidation, informed with a deep ethical and social sense. The just and sportsmanlike manner with which he takes his position against all

weaklings lusting for power, against all attempts to turn the true community and the common joy of love into a one-sided sport and pursuit of pleasure is shown in the conclusions that he is led to by his researches, and that bring him close to the views of the individual psychologists.

The necessity of studying this subject will be clear to all who realize how little prepared human beings are for love, and what difficulties as a result arise. Of the three main problems of life, the social, the economic, and the amatory, we have made least progress in the solution of the last. From earliest childhood a human being finds the way paved for work, for comradeship, and for friendship. The field of love remains for many years in darkness, and when the light does at length begin to shine, each one finds himself alone, and unacquainted, for the most part, with the emotional life and the requirements of his mate, alone even with his own ready-made preparedness, fit only for lessons that one works out by oneself. The laws adapted to love, to twoness (Nietzsche), usually remain unknown and conflict with the inadequate preparation of the individual.

The great interest evinced in our day for questions of love, the naïveté and eagerness with which all amateurish and pseudo-scientific pronouncements on the sex question are snatched up, the exaggerated tendency to regard sexuality as the beginning and the end in the entire system of man's soul life, finds its chief nourishment in the uncertainty, the ignorance, the inadequate

preparation and the consequent tense curiosity concerning questions of love.

So each individual in turn is confronted by a problem entirely new to him or her, the problem of the true relation of an individual of the one sex to an individual of the other sex. There are no blazed trails, no traditions, no suitable forewarnings of any sort to indicate a solution. Small wonder, then, that so many incorrect answers to the problem are submitted.

There is an old folk custom somewhere in Thuringia. When a couple are in love, they are led to a tree and are made to saw the trunk with a two-handed saw. From the manner in which they adjust themselves to each other's rhythm at the operation, they themselves as well as the by-standers draw their conclusions. Among other things, the custom probably signifies that love is not a private matter, and that it is essential for each to think of the other and lighten his or her burden.

Every year I deliver to about five hundred auditors a lecture on the very general topic of human knowledge, in which I deal with a number of psychological problems, none of which do I stress more than the others. After the lecture, I throw the floor open to questions. Nearly seventy percent of them are on love.

Superficial observers might conclude that humanity is concerned exclusively with the love problem, and they would in all seriousness endeavor to interpret the other questions also in the sexual sense. But the thing that quivers in all the interrogations that are put to me is a great uncertainty—greater than our uncertainty with respect to any other life problem.

When, therefore, an author sets to work with scientific impartiality and ethical earnestness to bring a part of this problem nearer to a solution, we should value it as a beginning. All those who are conscious of their social duties will welcome this book with a sense of gratitude.

DR. ALFRED ADLER.

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Introduction

It would seem, at a superficial glance, as though man were doomed to lose all his illusions. One after another of them has shed itself from the human intelligence. Over four centuries ago we lost the illusion that our little globe is the center of the universe; over a century ago the idea dawned that man is not a being set wholly apart from the animal creation. First railways and steamships, then the radio and aviation wrecked the illusion of remoteness. Nothing on earth is unknown, everything is familiar. The camera has reached the poles, climbed Mt. Everest, and penetrated even into the forbidden sanctuaries of Thibet. The tabloids have uncovered the secrets of murder, passion, love and divorce. Industrialism, which drew women from the kitchen into factories, shops and offices, broke down the wall between the sexes. Freud and the World War put on the finishing touch of supreme frankness.

There is a chilly sense of having been stripped bare, of vulgar, exposed nudity. There is a fear that the searchlight of science cast upon every act and fact, every emotion, impulse and motive, has extinguished glamour and mystery. And it is in the field of love that the loss of those alluring qualities which gave tang to life is most dreaded.

Love, the strongest bulwark of poetry, which stoutly

maintained itself through the revolutionizing discoveries of the last century, the discoveries that shook the foundation of religious creeds and of many dear traditions; love which had its highest flowering in the literature of the Victorian period, in the novels of George Eliot, Dickens, Meredith, Tolstoy, Turgeniev, Victor Hugo—must love, too, fall before the onslaughts of the new psychology, must love be stripped of the delicate veils that imparted to it its peculiar attractiveness and beauty, must it be reduced to sheer grossness, sheer biology?

Is the danger real? Cannot love be as sweet without the hush and mystery that entered into it formerly?

Love is compounded of more than glamour and passion. Other elements enter: affection, devotion, admiration, respect, interests in common, shared tastes. Love may continue after passion has spent itself.

Then, too, though man's knowledge may destroy illusions, there is a side of his nature that recreates them afresh. They spring eternal in the human breast. And as for illusions in love, the remarkable tissue in which lovers clothe the object of their affection is so strongly woven that nothing but rude experience can tear it. We spurn handed-down knowledge, we want to commit our own assininities. They are dearer to us than all the wisdom of the world.

Our young are knowing. No matter. Before life's repeated experiences have drilled in the iron of doubt, not to say cynicism, their love dreams and idealizations and illusions remain essentially what they have always

been. In every age and generation they are the same; in every country they are the same.

Let any girl in her later teens—an American freshman, a stenographer, a society debutante—read the following description of the adolescent flutterings of an Italian girl sprung from the peasant class, whose schoolmates and home surroundings have by no means left her in ignorance, and see if she will not confess to the same emotions.

"A melancholy sweet as a soft caress descended on her, and her heart contracted at times with a vague desire for unknown things. From day to day a new sensibility rose in her, from the poetry she read, from the sunsets which made her sigh, a vague exaltation, a subtle intoxication, a mysterious and timid disturbance, which she felt she must hide from everybody. Often in the night she rose from her bed and went to lean at the window, dreaming, looking at the sky that swarmed with stars. Her soul vaguely followed the noises out in the country, the lament of the owl, the far-off yelping of dogs, the confused forms that travel in the night, all the things that cause a delicious fear. She almost felt as if the moon were sending down rain on her face, a great sweetness, a great prostration, a great wish to weep. She seemed to see moving in the great white sheen, dimly, away in the distance, well-known forms, dear memories, fantasies which had luminous intermittency. She was gradually penetrated with the spirit of things about her, the sadness of the water-source as it distilled drop by drop through the maiden-hair leaves, the lostness of the solitudes stretch-

ing away across the country, the desolateness of the deep little valley where the moonlight never came, the splendor of the rocks rimmed with silver. Up, up, in the silver light she seemed to rise on her thoughts as if she had wings, and tender words came to her lips, harmonious voices, verses which made her weep."

Dreams of eternal maidenhood! Tragedy when dreams and life conflict.

In the days of tight corsets and long skirts and long hair, the maiden sat at home with her dreams awaiting the suitor who would come and choose her in marriage. Today the bread-winning girl carries these dreams out into the world where not every man who approaches her has the intention of marriage. Her dreams may be as remote from reality as her grandmother's.

How can she, who is now the one to choose, guard herself against spurious wooing and from the manner of a man's approach distinguish the genuine coin of love?

That, briefly, is a serious love problem of our day, brought about by the changed circumstances of modern industrial and commercial life. In this age of freedom in which we rejoice we must have an eye for the rocks ahead that freedom herself sets in our course.

Many women with high ideals of love and marriage, thinking themselves fully equipped for freedom, have been wrecked or brought low by repeated tragic experiences.

The bride used to enter marriage often ignorant of the fundamental biological laws of mating. Today,

girls possess this knowledge, but are ignorant of masculine methods. Few realize, for instance, that a pseudo-wooer's words and ways have been employed by him with a dozen other women and will be employed over again. From vanity, if nothing else, a woman believes that his behavior springs from his particular feeling for her. Little would she suspect that another man of the same character would use the selfsame words and ways. She has no test for judging a man's approach.

Though from time immemorial we human beings have cared inordinately about questions of love and sex, though myth and legend, drama, poetry, the novel and innumerable special works have, directly or indirectly, dealt with love, the subject of the strategy of the male approach has never been treated systematically and scientifically, but only sporadically, in remarks here and there in works on the customs of primitive races and early times. Books on the customs leading to marriage do not, strictly speaking, belong in this category. The masculine behavior here in question has nothing to do with marriage.

Evidently it was thought that men's methods of approach were incapable of generalization, being too highly individualized. Study and observation, however, have now shown that they can be defined into groups according to physiological and psychological conditions. If it is possible to group traits, it must also be possible to coördinate into a system the forms of approach, because they are primarily conditioned by a man's character. In fact, so dependent is the one on

the other that to know a man is to divine the way he will approach a woman.

Character, to be sure, is only one element. The industrial development of a people and particularly the economic and intellectual status of the woman are also determining factors, as will be explained later in the book.

This work, then, is a first attempt to analyze and systematize masculine ways of wooing. And if it supplies the gap left by lack of experience, if it arms women in their love struggle with men, if it saves them missteps and the pangs of disillusion, it will have served its purpose.

THE MALE APPROACH

I

Episodes

"Mr. Arabin, when he entered, stood a while with his back to the fire in his usual way, merely uttering a few commonplace remarks about the beauty of the weather, while he plucked up courage for more interesting converse. It cannot probably be said that he had resolved then and there to make an offer to Eleanor. Men we believe seldom make such resolves. Mr. Slope and Mr. Stanhope had done so, it is true; but gentlemen generally propose without any absolutely defined determination as to their doing so. Such was now the case with Mr. Arabin."

Mr. Arabin, Mr. Slope and Mr. Stanhope, you may recall, are characters in *Barchester Towers* by that keen observer of human beings, Anthony Trollope. Arabin is a clergyman, an eloquent orator, a brilliant polemicist and writer, a witty conversationalist, and a scrupulous, modest, retiring gentleman, with a lofty sense of honor. Mr. Slope is also a clergyman and also an eloquent orator. He, however, is bloated with arrogance and ambition, he is no gentleman, and when honor stands between him and his worldly greeds, he unhesitatingly sets it aside. Bertie Stanhope is an amiable, gifted slouch. Mr. Slope and Mr. Stanhope were not altogether in love with Eleanor; Mr. Arabin was.

The implications of this brief paragraph are several and profound. Trollope indicated, for one thing, that

for winning his lady a man truly in love follows no planned course. He works out no schemes, sets no traps, holds out no bait, assumes no false airs. He neither struts nor crawls. He stumbles along, sometimes led, as often misled, by the instinct of the moment. If he makes up his mind beforehand to do this thing or that, the chances are he will do the very opposite. The sweet poison in his veins robs him of his senses where his beloved is concerned. No rules hold for his conduct. The bashful man may become suddenly bold, the self-assured man may tremble like a craven. Who can foretell? The ways of loving are different as each person, too individualized to be capable of reduction to rules or generalizations or classifications.

Another truth that Trollope expressed was that only men with inferior standards of conduct approach women in the way of love who are not themselves animated by unalloyed affection for her. Neither Mr. Slope nor Mr. Stanhope when they proposed to Eleanor had an unadulterated passion for her. Each was possessed of an ulterior motive, and had schemed and plotted beforehand the manner of both his courting and ultimate offer of marriage.

Love, alas, in its purest form does not manifest itself very often—in the form it does in a Mr. Arabin, for whom there is only one possible union, with the woman who satisfies soul and body, whom he craves to be his mate till death do them part.

In other cases there is an admixture of clay, increas-

ing in amount down the scale through the episodes of "passing affairs" to common seduction.

It is the less noble forms with which this book deals. These alone are capable of analysis. As the Chevalier Danceny wrote to Madame Volanges, "A common seducer can lay plans to fit the circumstances; he can reckon with events. The love that animates me permits me only two feelings, courage and constancy."

Most people think that the love dalliance of modern men has a strong personal character, that each one's ways are totally different from anyone else's. Miss Julia Hoyt, for instance, in an interview printed in the *New York Evening Post*, said:

"In this game no definite rules can be given. It is dangerous to try to set up general principles about love. This would be like comparing the efforts to define charm. Love may be a game, but one must have a new rule for each person. It is stupid to want to use the same tactics for everyone. The methods must fit the personality with whom one plays the game."

The manner of wooing does, to be sure, depend upon a variety of things, upon circumstances, character, education, occupation and other features. And, of course, there is a difference in the way a man deals with the kitchen-maid or with her mistress. But given a man of a certain character and, other things being equal, it can be predicted what strategy he will employ to win a woman for a love episode.

That is not to say that all women are to be won by the same method. On the contrary, the fact that a certain man possesses only the one method is a reason

why he may succeed with one woman and encounter total failure with another.

Kierkegaard was one of the few writers who saw clearly that there are distinct and analyzable methods of masculine approach when the intention is a passing episode. "We should learn to discern," he said, "in the case of each girl who is the victim of some man's love, or, to put it more accurately, the victim of her own love, how, in what way, she was deceived. A professional murderer deals a blow. From the nature of the wound the experienced detective can tell who committed the deed. But where in the field of seduction do we meet such psychologists? To betray a girl is to most people merely to betray a girl, that is all, though a whole vast problem is contained in the idea."

Even Kierkegaard, however, did not make a full study of the problem that he himself propounded. As for other and earlier writers, they seem to have caught only fleeting glimpses of it.

Ovid's *Ars Amandi* is far from being an analytical study. The first two books are directions for the way to win women, the way to treat them and the way to hold or get rid of them. The third book contains advice to women on making themselves lovely so as to attract and hold men.

The immense number of works that deal with the art of love—to mention only three, *L'art d'aimer* by Lamettrie, *L'art d'aimer* by Gentil Bernard, and *L'art d'aimer* by Catulle Mendes—all are in the style of Ovid, only they are less thoroughgoing attempts to instruct young men in their behavior toward women.

None of them are scientific studies of mental and spiritual states, but merely books of recipes, witty *aperçus*, without any guiding, fundamental principle. Many a time, as a matter of fact, they generalize from an individual experience, which is by no means applicable in all cases.

The Goncourts in their contribution to the history of morals in the eighteenth century scarcely touch upon the question of what psychological, even physiological, processes underlie the love-play of the sexes.

The only one to describe the states of mind that precede or accompany a man's suit was the genius Stendhal. But in his book, *De l'amour*, in which he divides the forms of love into *l'amour passion* (the great love), *l'amour goût* (a higher trifling, the more brutal form with æsthetic embellishments), *l'amour physique* (physical love), and *l'amour de vanité* (love to be boasted about), he occupies himself more with the *amour passion* and the *amour goût* than with a man's attempts to win a woman for a passing affair. He limits himself to examples and scarcely thinks of proving that the man's methods are peculiar to individual types of approach.

From these writers and from the erotic poetry of all literature, it becomes clear that though among civilized peoples the sentiment of love has undergone no change, and language, expression, passion, desires have remained practically the same, yet different periods were characterized by different shades of conduct in the battle of the sexes. Contrast, for instance, the manners of the coy maiden of the eighties with those of the

hardy, sporting, sophisticated young woman of the second and third decades of the twentieth century. Prevailing types and manners vary, but always around a given norm as a center. The norm remains the same, and radii never lengthen beyond a certain point.

This statement does not conflict with the fact that though Ovid enters exhaustively into the most audacious details and tries to describe every form of approach, yet he gives no indication of a number of varieties known today. That is because the circumstances of life in his era did not call them into action. The field, for instance, for the "radical" in love-play had not yet been opened up. Nor, perhaps, as we shall see in the next chapter, had the problem asserted itself on so large and frank a scale as within the last decades.

II

Freebooting

EXTRA-MARITAL masculine strategy has not at all times had a chance to exercise itself. When women were either raped or bought, small thought was there of love-play or skirmishings. Women were taken for the sake of offspring or for their labor-power.

Even among the ancient Greeks, with their, to us, amoral attitude, we do not find the figure of the professional seducer. Wives and daughters closely guarded in the women's quarters, as they are in the Orient, did not make possible prey. Courtesans sufficed for the first passions of the not very numerous youth.

The same, though for somewhat different reasons, holds true of the Roman Republic. A society based strictly on paternal rights, giving the father, as head of the family, power over life and death, is unfavorable to feminine aberrations. Chastity becomes a woman's highest virtue. As Balzac said, the Roman Senate fully appreciated the place for women in a republic. It maintained the rigor of morals by an extraordinary heightening of marital and paternal power.

Very different was the case in the later Roman Empire. The weakening of the patriarchy and the consequent emancipation of women, which gave them not duties but only rights, were among the first of the phenomena of decay.

"Quite as characteristic a feature in the glittering

downfall of this time," wrote Mommsen, "is the emancipation of the feminine world. Economically, woman had made herself independent long before this. At the present period, we already meet with advocates of feminism, who, zealous to serve, give a helping hand to independent, wealthy women who had incurred litigation and suffered loss of property, impressing them forcibly with their knowledge of business and law and thereby getting larger gratuities and property shares than other brokers on the exchange. Not only did women feel themselves freed from the economic guardianship of men; love intrigues were constantly in order. Ballet dancers competed successfully in the diversity and virtuosity of their art with that of today. The prima donnas, cytherises and by whatever other name known, soiled over the pages of history. Meanwhile the free arts of the aristocratic circle did serious damage to the authorized professions. Liaisons in the first houses were so frequent that only a most exceptional event could give them special notoriety. Under these conditions legal interference was well-nigh laughable; a scandal without equal, perpetrated by Publius Clodius at the women's banquet in the house of the High Priest, although a thousand times worse than incidents which fifty years earlier had resulted in a succession of death sentences, occurred without any investigation and entirely without punishment.

"The chief attraction of the bathing season consisted of both free and permissible relationships which enlivened gondola rides to the accompaniment of music, song and sumptuous breakfasts in the skiffs and on

the shore. Women's reign was here supreme. They were not content with this domain—theirs by right—but they took part in politics, appeared at meetings and with money and intrigue fought for a place in the wild scramble for position. Seeing these women statesmen playing their parts on the stage of the Scipios and Catos and witnessing as well the young dandies with flaccid knees, delicate voices and mincing gait, wearing scarfs about head and breast, frilled shirts and women's sandals, aping the loose-lived young women of the day, one might well shudder at the unnatural world in which the sexes seemed to have changed places."

The following lines of Ovid show that there was not a vestige of sentiment, no spiritual communion, no tender emotions, no comradeship—nothing but brutish gratification and contempt for women.

"Be just in dealings, and defend the right,
By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.
But 'tis a venial sin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conscience there.
On cheating nymphs, a cheat is well designed.
'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind."

In another passage he advises the man to be particularly attentive to a woman who is ill so that she may remember him in her will.

Certainly man's rôle in love was a debased one. There was no call for a study of the subtler artifices of advance.

Later, in the form of early Christianity, came the

reaction from the corruption and debauchery of the Roman Empire. In the conception that dominated in the first centuries after Christ, by which earthly joys were scorned, the pleasures of the senses were damned, devils tempted, and a hell after death threatened eternal torment, women became the representatives of Satan on earth. The best thing a man could do for the salvation of his soul was to retire to a monastery.

This was not an atmosphere, either, in which masculine artifices of the love game would flourish.

After a time the pendulum swung the other way. In the period of troubadours and chivalry, woman, far from being debased to the position of a demon, was elevated onto a throne. The brave knight knelt before her and from her hands received guerdon for his valor. The way to win her favor was by merit and service. Man was her knight, her servant, her slave. For her sake he underwent hardship and peril. Outside of marriage it was an age, not of common intrigue, but of celebrated loves, like the loves of Guinevere and Launcelot, and Tristan and Isolde. Man's thoughts and emotions had been diverted to quests of Holy Grails.

Though in the course of the next centuries customs grew lax, the question that concerns us does not seem to have existed. If a need is widely felt, it is usually satisfied; if a problem exists, it is either solved or at least discussed. So that the utter absence in the literature of the time of any other indications would justify us in assuming that conditions did not call for the employment of strategy on the part of the male.

The reason may be culled from Boccaccio. One reads his descriptions of the manners of his day with real astonishment at the ease with which women were to be had, and one deduces that there was little in the prevailing philosophy to act as a deterrent.

He tells of a married woman whose husband, completely engrossed in business and money matters, neglects her in every respect. She falls in love with a young man but has some slight scruples of conscience as to whether she would be justified in infidelity. She goes to an old woman for advice. The witch, among other things, says to her:

"Good Heavens, child! Of course you are right and if you had no other reason, it would be no more than right for you and every young woman not to waste your youth; for in the devil's name, of what use are we in our old age if we haven't kept alive the flame? With men it is different; they are useful for all sorts of things, and any way many of them count for more. We women, however, are of no use but for one purpose —to bear children; and that's the only reason they are after us. When all is said and done we were born for that sole purpose, which I can prove to you by many other arguments. So I say to you again, 'Tit for tat.' Give your husband like for like; so that in your old age your soul will have nothing with which to reproach your body. The world holds for one what one enjoys; women have still more occasion than men to make use of their time. When we are old neither our husbands nor other people care about us; instead we are put in the kitchen to talk to the cat and count the pots and

pans. They will probably even hold us up for ridicule and sing, 'Good luck to the young; to the old the rope.' "

From this and other literature of the time the inference is inevitable that when a woman showed interest in a man she tried to indicate to him that she desired relations with him, and, on the other hand, when a man showed interest in a woman, she well knew that he had only one thing in view. Consequently, male strategy was not called for; there was no occasion to study rules of a game or plan methods of captivation. It was merely a question of whether the man was pleasing to the woman; and success depended solely on whether the woman had enough ardor to make the venture and whether she was unwatched.

The lack of culture during this time partly accounts for such a state of affairs. Few men and still fewer women could read and write. Love on an elevated plane like that of Héloïse and Abelard was an exception, although human nature does not change, and there were surely other superior women in that age.

Life, however, was narrowly circumscribed, and conversation was limited necessarily to a small number of topics, chiefly idle gossip and gross amorous relations. Moreover, as the writings and dramas of the day show, language did not serve to veil thoughts about sex matters, so that spoken intercourse must have been pretty crass.

It is not mere chance that coquetry and gallivanting came to flower in France, where the language is so adapted to clever sayings and witticisms, and in a

period that is called the age of enlightenment—though, to be sure, the grosser aim still played the main rôle. This was natural since conditions among the upper classes were comparable to the degeneracy in the later Roman Empire. Laxity of morals always attends accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few.

The king could do no wrong; neither could the Regent (between Louis XIV and Louis XV). It was no secret that the Regent carried on affairs with his three daughters, and even had a child by the oldest. Marshal Richelieu in his memoirs relates that the Regent connived a liaison between Richelieu and the youngest daughter, Mademoiselle de Valois, provided that she would be his own mistress at the same time.

Under Louis XV conditions reached the acute stage that, in the reign of his successor, led to the French Revolution. The nobility, not having to pay taxes, grew richer and richer, the proletariat and the farmer ever poorer.

The marriage system was in keeping with the rest. It was not conducive to lofty living.

Among the nobility the birth of a daughter was seldom welcome. She was immediately handed over to a foster-mother, then put under the care of a governess, and later placed in a convent for the completion of her education. She scarcely saw her parents until she was grown up. Finally she was married to a man chosen for her, who was often a complete stranger to her.

Even if she entered marriage with love and high romantic expectations, her husband was the very one

to dispel such fantastic notions from her head. People laughed at a love between husband and wife that lasted beyond the honeymoon. Men, moreover, had plenty of opportunity for variety and took advantage of it.

"The husband," the Goncourts tell us, "gave his young wife to understand that each of them was free to do as they chose, and it was taken for granted that sooner or later a married woman of the upper classes would have a lover. Relations were quickly established. The man paid the woman a visit, found out whether or not her affections were elsewhere engaged, extolled his own qualities, made spiteful remarks about the lady's present lover, represented himself as the victim of his present mistress, and, if necessary, gave the new prospective mistress a day in which to consider. To court a woman for weeks, not to say months, was considered lunacy.

"The atmosphere of the century, the influence of example, the teasing of her women friends with more experience than herself, soon robbed her of the taste for, even the memory of, romantic love. Forgotten were the delicate dreams, the vague yearnings.

"Up to the death of Louis XIV the endeavor in France seemed to be to glorify love. After that, under Louis XV, love became synonymous with desire. In the eighteenth century to say 'I love you' was to mean and to be understood to mean 'I want to possess you.' "

The artifices, therefore, that an affair called for were not those required for the making of the advance. Conquest was easy. Conquest alone was not enough for the over-excited, subtilized taste of the aristocratic

rake. It was not the indulgence of the passion, not even success that was the goal. What was wanted was struggle and the torture that could be inflicted on the woman. "I love new and difficult ways," said the Vicomte de Valmont, "and I shan't pretend that you'll have an easy time of it. I shouldn't be taking so much trouble for an ordinary seduction."

At the opposite extreme was the woman of the proletariat. Born and bred in filth and misery, familiar with nothing but coarseness, she had no illusions. Sentiment would have astonished her. Ill-paid drudgery with no prospect of betterment, oppression that chokes off every breath drawn, are the soil for only the lowest forms of living. No wonder if the daughter of paupers resorted to prostitution. She had nothing to lose, something, perhaps, to gain.

Between the two extremes were the petty bourgeois and the peasant. Here the woman lived protected in her home, her husband's comrade in both life and work. They took an interest together in the rearing of their children. The reward of work was enjoyed in common. Neither of them had thought or time for outside affairs.

In other countries the social structure was much the same, and conditions of dire poverty and extreme wealth also existed, though not everywhere in so marked a degree. If every nation did not have the *mariage de convenance* in the bare French form, still daughters of the aristocracy and upper middle class were "married off" without considerations of love, even in England, the freest country; and the consequences were similar to those in France.

A completely new era began when factories sprang up and women went from their homes to take their places outside in the great industrial machine—a new era in many ways but above all in the relations of men and women. Other characteristics of the present have been known before. Never, though, has the world seen a balance between the sexes, a balance in work and the consequent balance in love.

In Sparta boys and girls, as they do today, joined in the same sports, yet when it came to marriage patriarchism prevailed. Now, for the first time, marriage is a matter of free choice; not because women have the vote but for the profounder reason that society today is based on woman-power as well as man-power in the working world. Since the first mills called into employment a comparatively small number of women from only the poorer classes, more and more occupations have drawn women in, until now there is scarcely a field of business in which all classes of them are not found.

It is their economic independence that has given women independence in love. A girl is economically free of her parents; they cannot dictate the terms of her marriage. Also she is economically free of her future husband.

But women of wealth, it may be contended, have always had the same independence.

For one thing, inherited means do not give the individual the upstandingness that does regular, socially useful work. For another thing, all people, men and

women alike, reflect the dominant tone of their age. In times and countries in which society looked upon woman as a breeding animal, that was all she was. When society was such that marriage was wholly for the sake of an heir to a man's property, free choice was as unknown to the rich woman as to everyone else around her, while the rich woman of the younger generation today is carved in the image of her wage-earning sister. That is because her wage-earning sister is the very keynote, the dominant factor in the modern social structure. Instead of frittering time away in a whirl of pleasure, many women of wealth, even millionaires, find a voluntary communal occupation or even take a position or set up in a business of their own.

So, for the first time having the right to choose for themselves, women have to be won—won in marriage and *out of* marriage.

And barriers are down. Few conventions regulating the association of men and women, even of boys and girls, are left. Chaperonage is as out of date as the bustle. Any man may approach any woman.

A society in which vast and increasing numbers of girls meet the other sex in shops and mills and offices cannot possibly provide checks. The only checks must reside in the woman herself—either in her common-sense, or her correct intuitions, or in her having been educated and forewarned.

For there are innumerable men abroad not ready to assume the responsibilities of marriage, or else married

and, alive to the possibilities all around them, looking for something more exciting and diverting than a visit to a brothel.

Freebooting in love has for the first time in history become an institution.

III

Barriers

A FACTOR that inevitably brings anguish and disaster in a relation between a man and a woman is difference in intent—when the one enters the relation conscious that it is to be a passing episode for the duration of a few weeks, or a few months, or at the utmost a year, while the other has no thought of boundaries; the love felt is unlimited in time, or in any respect. Whether the trifler in love happens to be the man or the woman makes no difference. The one who takes it gravely suffers heartache.

The cases, however, that constitute the social problem are those in which it is the men who are of lighter intent; women usually take a love relation seriously. Our social order has denatured the relations of the sexes, making of the male the so-called aggressor, though women could just as capably carry on the pursuit of active love-making—and do sometimes, though under cover, as Bernard Shaw shows to our amusement in *Man and Superman.* Were women altogether economically independent, if we were free from inherited prejudices on the subject, if marriage were not every girl's goal and if non-marriage were not a disgrace to her, then man's rôle as the aggressor in sex affairs would cease. It is the fact that women must sit back and wait that makes a love offer when it does come loom larger in their hearts. And a valve, as it were,

closes in them against the knowledge that they are not paramount in the man's life, that there have been and will be others.

As we saw in the last chapter, women are more exposed than ever before to male depredation, and so subject in greater numbers to the misery that comes from an uneven love life. And one wonders what it is that blinds a woman to a false approach and makes her give herself—herself and her love—without marriage. Is she all soft compliance, like Serena Blandish; is it just chance or the mercifulness of some males that saves part of the other sex from havoc?

Numerous elements enter here as factors. There are impulses that would make a woman give herself freely; there are instinctive disinclinations; there are considerations for withholding of both a social and personal character.

Consequently, before it is possible to deal justly with the strategy that the male must employ it is necessary to understand with what facilities and with what resistances he meets, what avenues of approach are open to him, which are closed off by barriers, and what elements constitute the barriers.

The war that love has been likened to is a peculiar one in that the opposite parties do not each attack and defend, but that attack is limited to the male side and defense to the female side. Naturally, therefore, the weaker the defense the simpler the masculine attack and the less the masculine need for the study of strategic approach. More complicated methods are called for when spiritual or social factors in a woman's composi-

tion enter to stand between her primitive passional impulses and their gratification. It is these factors that we shall now consider.

From a natural and biologic point of view, it is, of course, easier to understand why if a woman loves she should indulge rather than deny her love—like the animals. But the simile will not carry us far. The simple beasts have not cumbered their love with questions of wealth, position, prestige, religion, race, education, intellectuality. In them it is purely a matter of liking or not liking. A lady cat I knew had the chance to mate with a blue-blooded, pedigreed Persian. Although she was full of ardor and he was enamored of her, she rejected him and a few days later took a plebeian black.

Yet in the very matter of liking or not liking, we remain truest to the primitive instinct. Of all the resistances physical repugnance is the most difficult to overcome, no matter what it proceeds from. And what it proceeds from is incapable of analysis.

Accustomed as I, a physician, am to oddities and abnormalities, still I was amazed and, I admit, puzzled by the choice I once saw a woman make between two men. Her partner at tennis was a tall, good-looking man whose bared arm revealed splendid muscular development. I had seen her win several matches. This time she played badly. "Do you know why?" she said to me. "Because I loathed the sight of that man's huge muscles. I had to play with my face turned away, they annoyed me so." The next day she formed a connection with a small, sallow near-Easterner.

So, we see, it is not always conventional good looks that attract, or conventional ugliness that repels. A man may be short, or fat, or heavy-featured, even ridiculous to the rest of the world, yet he may still be attractive to some women. Sometimes it is the body odor that acts for or against, as women, on the whole, have a more highly developed sense of smell than men.

Isadora Duncan in her autobiography tells of how her genuine disgust of a man because of his appearance —"a large head which oscillated on a badly made body"—was, after a long acquaintance suddenly converted into love and even admiration of his looks. They were riding together in an automobile. At a sudden turn she was thrown into his arms. "He closed his arms around me. I sat back and looked at him, and suddenly felt my whole being going up in flames like a pile of lighted straw. I have never felt anything so violent. And, all of a sudden, as I looked at him, I was aghast. How had I not seen before? His face was perfectly beautiful, and in his eyes there was a smothered flame of genius. From that moment I knew that he was a great man. All the way back to the house I gazed at him in a kind of passionate trance, and as we entered the hall of the château, he took my hand, and still keeping his eyes upon mine, drew me gently behind the screen in the ballroom. How was it possible that from such violent antipathy could be born such violent love?"

In Isadora Duncan's case repulsion was overcome by some blind, instinctive inexplicability. The hump-backed Richard III overcame Anne's utter abhorrence

of him by deliberate methods; and we shall see later that experienced men who understand women and command the right language can transform aversion into love. In the main, however, physical aversion is the greatest obstacle in the way of masculine approach and usually, with only rare exceptions, prevents success.

Social, racial, and religious considerations have taken such deep root in the human psyche as to seem as inherent as our primal emotions, and in the realm of sex their action is sometimes as strong as physical aversion.

If a Negro in the southern states were so much as to touch the hem of a lady's garment, she would look upon it as a mortal insult to be avenged with lynching.

This extreme attitude is modified by circumstances. For instance, in other countries, say England or Germany, a woman of the middle class would merely consider it beneath her to have relations with a Negro. On the other hand, women of the lower classes are not unqualifiedly disinclined to mate with Negroes. Unions between black men and white women are not uncommon in Europe, especially in France. By and large, nevertheless, intimacies between white women and colored men, or any of the darker-skinned races, like the Chinese, Japanese, and Hindus, are rarities, and it is certainly the extreme exception when an inexperienced girl voluntarily gives herself to a man of another race.

Fear of the unknown may play a part, and assuredly body odor is often a deterrent. Dislike of one another's smell is often mutual. The whites do not like the colored people's smell; they, like the Japanese, de-

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clare that we have a disagreeable odor. In view of the close association between olfactory sensations and the sex functions, antipathy is quite explicable on this ground.

But, undoubtedly, the main cause is the fact that a man of another race is scarcely to be looked upon as a possible husband. This applies also, though in less marked degree, to races in whom the differences are not so pronounced, as, for instance, between Jews and Aryans. And since the thought of permanence in the relation is the chief determinant with inexperienced girls and even others, then the manifest exclusion of marriage as a probability or possibility is sufficient ground against the development of intimacies.

The same situation holds true where religious differences enter.

In considering the religious resistance we may dismiss once for all the fear of God and the devil. The number of women is comparatively small whom piety withholds from yielding to a man out of wedlock. If that were not so, since the vast majority of women are believers, there would be no problem of extra-marital sex relationships.

The Catholic Church, at any rate, furnishes the confession as a means of washing away sin. It grants absolution provided there is repentance and the resolve to mend one's ways. The people, however, are not susceptible to such subtleties. They take absolution more literally. Their conscience has been squared.

The Protestant creeds are more rationalistic, placing greater significance on the personal exercise of will.

As for the Jews, hell plays no part in their religion, and the obstacles are of a purely practical nature.

So it is not belief, but difference in belief, that may hold two people apart. As in the case of race difference, the reason probably is that the girl more or less consciously harbors in her soul the marriage ideal.

This comes out most clearly in Jewish women, not only the orthodox, for whom marriage is the absolutely dominating idea, but also in the modern ones who may have repudiated religion completely. Religious obstacles fall away and give place merely to inherited distrust of the Gentile.

To the orthodox, unmarried Jewess intercourse with a non-Jew is absolutely taboo. Not only because a Jew may have his marriage annulled if he can prove that his wife did not come to him a virgin, but also because there is a deep-rooted sense that marriage with a non-Jew is simply not to be thought of. Even if a daughter marries honorably with a non-Jew, she is mourned as one dead.

There is no doubt that in view of the difficulties of marriage with a non-Jew even the reformed Jewess does not look with favor upon his advances. Within the last few years, to be sure, this feeling has lost some of its sharpness, and it remains to be seen whether the revival of national sentiments and ambitions among the Jews will bring back the old feeling of repugnance.

With Christian women the objection to a Jewish lover is not so decided nor decisive. For it is more conceivable that a man will leave Judaism to become a Christian than that a Christian will be converted to

Judaism. Proof of this is the rare number of cases in which Christians have become Jews, not to say orthodox Jews. Nevertheless, even in Christian women the consciousness that the man is a Jew frequently prevents the very idea of intimacy from framing itself in their minds.

The same obstacles present themselves between Protestants and Catholics. In the strictly Catholic parts of Germany relations between a Catholic and Protestant are severely condemned. Here religious animosity can be laid at the door of the clergy. Not so in Ireland, where in the north especially it seems to be a historical development, and the Protestant seems the more fanatical of the two, so that the roots cannot be said to lie in the confessional.

If a man and a woman are aware of the religious difference from the start, the hindrance can hardly be overcome. And yet it is an artificial barrier easily disposed of if it does not reveal itself until later in the relationship, after the natural instincts have been given free play and mutual attraction has developed.

Social differences and the resultant hindrances are not so fixed as the religious and the racial. The latter have remained set within certain limits throughout history; the former, owing to recent changes in the economic order, have undergone a corresponding change. Money has been a great leveler of the social classes, distinctions between which are becoming obscured.

Formerly a marriage between an aristocrat and a bourgeois was a matter of historical record; now it is

the order of the day. In extra-marital relations, when carried on under the mantle of secrecy, the complications are even less. The real battle begins when one comes out in the open with the avowed intention of marriage.

In Europe, straight up to the World War, a decent middle-class family strictly forbade friendship between their daughter and a nobleman, not because marriage with him was not desirable, but because at a time when in the eyes of an aristocrat human beings began with the baron, such a marriage was scarcely conceivable.

Now, the princes of money are all equals. Money has removed the walls of birth, religion and even, sometimes, of race. After the war in Europe a butcher or grocer profiteer could buy the favors of ladies of the highest aristocracy. But that was only a passing phase which is already righting itself.

The democratization, so to speak, of love is going to put human nature to a test. For the sake of the family and the children and society at large, will it be necessary again to hedge sex around with restrictions and prohibitions and codes and forms?

This is a large question, to enter into which would carry us too far afield. Let us consider it only from the point of view of the extra-marital relation.

Now that men of all classes freely approach women of all classes, what is to prevent a laxity that would menace our civilization?

Women care a great deal for the personal qualities of a man; they care for intelligence, culture, strength of character. And they are in a better position than they

have ever been before to separate the chaff from the wheat. Co-education and working in the world side by side with men have taught them discernment with regard to the other sex.

Recently, the city of Brooklyn appointed a girl in her early twenties as engineering assistant in one of the boroughs. She is described as looking "a good deal more like a movie counterpart of a college sorority girl" than an engineer. She declared: "I like to dance and swim and go to the movies when I don't have classes at night." When this girlish young person, endowed evidently with all the instincts of her sex, was asked how she felt about the prospect of being the only girl among groups of men in field work, she said: "I don't feel so terribly about it. I know nearly all the men, and I've known engineers all my life."

Miss Mae Connolly is armed. No fear for her.

Recently Heywood Broun in his column in *The New York Evening Telegram* made a plea for co-education, arguing that we should be spared a good deal of trouble were the sexes to know each other from infancy up. "Whether you like it or not," he said, "there is ample evidence that woman is going to take on an increasing importance in business, politics and all the affairs of the world. We must live with her and compete with her, and so why not begin at the very beginning and get used to her in the class-room? . . . In the college of my dream there would be co-educational dormitories as well as co-educational class-rooms, although you will understand that I am not insisting on co-educational room-mates."

It was in the interests of the male that Heywood Broun wrote this column, and the same good results may be expected for women also from constant early companionship. He does not claim that mere association will avert all missteps and consequent unhappiness, but "it is at least a step in the right direction. Familiarity does breed fellowship."

And fellowship removes that mystical awe which girls have had of men and which has been the undoing of so many of them, especially when they have been of a station of life lower than the man or—nowadays—poorer than the man.

Ignorance in the girl was the safeguard of the past. Knowledge will be the safeguard of the future.

Besides the social restraints of race, religion and class, there are personal ones other than purely physical repugnance.

A woman may be coolly calculating, she may be frigid, she may suffer from inhibitions, her intelligence and independence may stand in the way.

The instincts of the calculating, even if inexperienced, woman warn her in advance of the dangers connected with yielding to a man. She knows that her power over him wanes in the degree that his power over her waxes. She is conscious of society's strictures and hesitates to entrust her reputation to a man. Even a loose woman such as Choderlos de Laclos portrays in the Marquise de Merteuil in *Les liasons dangéreuses* takes good care that the men she favors should be discreet.

The calculating woman knows how to defend her-

self against any man no matter what he offers. Her qualities are not necessarily unwomanly or to be condemned. Many women, preserving clarity of judgment even in love, weigh the pros and cons and decide for or against marriage on purely material grounds. In these circumstances the man plays no rôle, or, at least, only a passive rôle. He either accepts her conditions or he gives her up.

Somewhat similar is his position with the independent girl of a high order of intelligence. It is not that she does not want to be wooed, but the mere fact of a man's desiring her will not move and will certainly not win her. In other words, the manner of his wooing, his strategy, will avail him naught provided he himself is not what she wants.

This girl will make her own choice consciously, deliberately, from a pinnacle of full knowledge, knowledge of her own instincts and desires, knowledge of the other sex.

Quite the reverse is the way of the girl governed by inhibitions, for inhibitions most times work unconsciously.

By inhibitions, broadly speaking, are meant suppressed activities or thought processes. Suppressions begin so early in our training, some, in fact, in our very infancy, that they take a place in our subconscious minds.

Most of us do not convey food to our mouths with our fingers or on the end of a knife. We say we use forks "instinctively." We know better; we know it is not our instincts that tell us to use a fork; it is our

training. We have been "inhibited" from using a knife or our fingers.

We are inhibited from doing many things that we would do naturally. We don't talk to strangers until we are introduced; we don't fall asleep in company no matter how pleasant it would be to stretch our tired bodies on a comfortable couch; we even suppress a yawn before the man that bores us; if we have a terrible toothache we don't yell in public.

Trivial as these examples may seem, still inhibitions lie at the very basis of our society. Without them, for all our inventions and achievements, we should be sheer savages. Honesty is a matter of inhibitions. If honesty were innate, then what need of the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal?" Many a time we could lay our hands without fear of detection on some one else's property. We don't. We have been "inhibited" from doing it.

We call our various inhibitions by different names—honesty, decency, politeness, conscience, fear, reserve, shame, modesty. But whatever we call them, still inhibitions are all alike a product, not of our inherent nature, but of our training, unconscious as we may be of being over-shy or over-modest, etc.

Around sex in particular there has grown up a dense hedge of inhibitions, which scientists like Havelock Ellis, Freud, Jung, Adler, Rank, Stekel are trying to prune and thin out, for it has cast a blighting shadow on freely-functioning, natural love. "Too dynamic for suppression, sex has been repressed (that is, inhibited out of its normal channels and driven into moldy sub-

terranean levels. Bereft of the antisepticizing light of day, it has carried the mark of morbidity, the stigma of disease, the brand of a fateful malignancy."

Within the past two decades, to be sure, sex has had a thorough airing; nevertheless, men and women still carry the mark of morbidity, whether it be in the form, as V. F. Calverton says, of "excesses of repression," or in violent reaction of "excesses of expression."

In women, with the exception of the enlightened minority who, like Isadora Duncan, Margaret Sanger, Alexandra Kollantai, have reasoned themselves out into the sunlit open, there is still a hang-over of the artificial modesties and barren fears of an earlier generation, when, to shield girls from temptation and to safeguard their innocence, they were kept in ignorance of sexual matters.

These inhibitions, harbored unconsciously, are both a strength and a weakness in resisting male approach—a strength because they erect a barricade against the man, a weakness because the woman's very unconsciousness of her inhibitions makes the barricade a feeble one which the man with proper strategy can easily shatter.

The girls who represent the "excesses of expression," those who have flung all modesty to the winds and substituted vulgarity, the girls who sit in the dark in parked automobiles with any youth's arms around them —these girls possess only one shield against seduction, the gross fear of the physical consequences.

One of the products of civilized inhibitions is frigidity in women. Just how that happens to be we do not

know; but that it is so is shown by the fact that women of primitive races in whose sex life inhibitions have small part are seldom frigid. Neither are many women frigid that belong to the classes possessed of fewer and simpler life problems, or to the people in close contact with nature to whom sex relations are not a mystery. And we observe that frigidity manifests itself in direct proportion to the degree in which girls, because of moral convictions and conventions, are kept in ignorance of sexual matters.

Frigidity is rarely a constitutional abnormality; it is a psychologic phenomenon with roots in the unconscious. Natural capacity for ardor may, through circumstances, be turned into utter coldness.

Coldness is only a relative term. A woman may be icy toward one man and all warmth for another. Or a woman may be cold throughout youth and not discover the need to mate until fairly late in life.

But however or whenever frigidity manifests itself, one would suppose, superficially, that it would present a more insuperable barrier than physical repugnance. This is not so, however. In marriage, with social conditions as they are, it is easy to understand why cold women ally themselves to men. Besides, there is often the wish to have a child, which is not destroyed by indifference to the male. But it is difficult to say what goes on in the heads of girls and women who look upon mating with men as nothing but a burden, at most a duty, and yet enter into relations with them even without the prospect of marriage.

Curiosity, no doubt, is one factor. Women hear so

much about passion, they read so many novels that they want to find out what this great and wonderful thing is.

Often there may be an absence of motive rather than an active impulse; it may be indifference, a low order of intelligence, passivity, subjection to the stronger will of the male. In my practice I have come across several cases in which frigid women confessed that they were moved by the sheer desire to do the men a favor. Often, sincere affection or a tender maternal attitude toward the man operates in this direction. There are cases, too, in which women pursue this course from the mistaken belief that they can thereby hold a man. They do not realize the particular respect in which there is value in yielding; they do not know that other women behave differently and offer the man something more desirable. An extra-marital relation with a frigid woman seldom lasts any time at all. Men require the women to love them, and few can believe that love exists where there is no proof of it in passion. Passion kindles passion; coldness lays dead ashes on it.

The question that has been discussed for centuries obtrudes itself—whether women are capable of passion and whether to ask it of them is not an impossible demand. Many writers have doubted the strength of the feminine sexual impulse, maintaining that it is far weaker than the masculine; still more writers take the very opposite view.

Disparity of some sort there undoubtedly is, and since it is the occasion of much disharmony between

the sexes, and is also an affecting agent in the male approach, we shall have to examine it and see whereof it consists.

In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of October 10, 1925, there appeared an article by Dr. R. L. Dickinson and Dr. H. H. Pierson based on a questionnaire sent to a thousand college-bred women. One of the queries was, who felt the stronger sexual urge, they or their husbands. Only three percent of the anonymous answers stated that the woman was more sensual than the man.

The reason for this may be that the male by his very nature must assume the aggressive, and being the one who incites to intimacies he takes on the appearance of being the more passionate of the two.

But passion has two qualities, intensity and extensity. The feminine manifestation may be marked by the latter quality only; the masculine by the former. Comparison, then, is as impossible as between a stroke of lightning and a furnace fire.

Moreover, passion is a product of two personal factors, into which circumstances of age, experience, mutual fitness and adaptability and a host of other controlling elements enter. Nor can sensation be measured. All we can do in some cases is to establish the strength of reaction to stimuli that may be determined up to a certain point. It is scarcely possible to weigh the sensations of two people in the balance. Scientific accuracy must go by the board when the feelings of an individual are governed by the ways of another individual. Each observer is justified in

drawing conclusions from his own experience but they will hold for him alone and no one else.

When, therefore, men maintain that the feminine sexual impulse is a faint, feeble thing, they seem to arrive at that opinion from their own unauthoritative observations. Is it not possible that they are among those, whose number is legion, who exercise no attraction over women? We know, for instance, why it was that Schopenhauer fulminated as he did against the other sex. It was partly because of the animosity between him and his mother and sister, and partly also, perhaps, because he was a syphilitic.

One man may leave a woman utterly unstirred; another man, with keener intuitive understanding of her and the other sex, may rouse her to ardent ecstasy. It has also been found that with a large percentage of women who have been sexually apathetic toward men psychoanalysis obtains results by clearing away certain inhibitions, caused by some psychic trauma, and thus giving play to the natural feelings.

The disparity in reaction between the sexes (upon which, in my opinion, is based the weal or woe of the modern person as a sex being) is based not so much upon the difference in the relative passionateness of the male and female as the difference in the rise and fall of the sexual feelings and desires.

In women the love life begins later than in men and does not attain full maturity until between the ages of thirty and forty. This is, possibly, because the inhibitions that the education of the female have produced

in the girl's psyche disappear only in the course of years, and the woman cannot give herself up to her primal impulses until these have been weeded out of her system.

After that period, however, lively sensations continue longer than in men. It is not until after the climacteric has set in that they begin to wane with more or less rapidity.

The development of the masculine love life, it is known, begins as a rule at puberty and mounts to its maximum at about the age of twenty, when it maintains the same level until the man is about thirty. After that it very gradually declines, though frequently persisting, even if feebly, until extreme old age.

If we represent the love life of each sex by rising and falling curves and compare the two curves, we see that at exactly the time when a woman is losing her freshness, her instincts speak loudest, while a man's sex impulses, possibly because of his application to work, begin to weaken when he is in the full flower of his physical capacities and his intellectual force is at its height.

If we superimpose one curve upon the other in accord with the fact that a man is usually five or ten years older than the woman, we see that far from running parallel, the curves cross in ascents and descents.

If it is further considered that a woman is most alluring at twenty and that though she can retain her physical charm for a time, it is bound to disappear in the course of years, especially if she has children, the

fact becomes obvious that the curves are of extreme importance in the relations of two persons of the opposite sex.

At the top of their curve women may have gained in ease and charm what they have lost in youthful loveliness. Yet attainments of the mind and spirit have an inhibiting effect on most men. Certainly that is the case in this age, whatever it may have been in other periods. And certainly the sexual desire is stirred more quickly when the woman is more "womanly," according to our inherited concepts, than when she has garbed herself in, supposedly, masculine garments by practicing medicine and the law. Nevertheless, there are a sufficient number of men whose interest is won and held by older and wiser women; mellowed looks and experience in the ways of love atone to them for the absence of freshness.

This, however, applies only to women somewhat out of the common. The majority are incapable of mental development beyond a low degree. Nor do they learn to perfect themselves in the arts of love.

From the crossings of the curves we can discern one reason why disturbances so frequently arise in the relations of the sexes. In the period when for various reasons the man's impulses are weakening and he requires stronger stimuli, his mate is at the height of her emotional life, but less attractive.

These disharmonies can only be overcome, and the man can only be held as a lover, if the woman does not insist on his constant courtship and knows how to substitute community of interests and occupation, comrade-

ship, and the arts of love for her waning charms of body.

The relative passionateness of the sexes is, after all, not so pertinent an aspect of the subject we are considering; namely, the effect of feminine passion on the male, as the relative passionateness among women. No one denies that women, whether in a weaker or stronger degree than men, do possess sexual feelings, and that these feelings manifest themselves in degrees varying from frigidity to nymphomania.

Obviously a man's approach is smoothed for him a hundredfold by those women who are of a relatively more passionate nature and his greatest help is ready excitability. For passionateness alone does not always dispose quickly of a woman's inhibitions. There are some types that are difficult to arouse, though once aroused they know no bounds; whereas quick excitability works like a drug. A number of women have told me that love puts them into a state resembling intoxication, with the difference that drink makes a breach in the wall of resistance by paralyzing the inhibitions, while passion jumps over them, no matter how high they rear.

Handmaiden to passion is inexperience. It almost goes without saying that an inexperienced young girl with insufficient understanding of sex matters, whose curiosity has been inflamed as much by the whispering of her girl companions as anything else, to whom the word love has no preciseness, but is glorified, obfuscated romance, will offer less resistance than her experienced sisters. For the experienced woman re-

quires an exceedingly experienced man to awaken in her the illusion that he truly loves her.

And when one considers that even mature women are often governed by curiosity—notably intellectual radicals who take on a lover just for the sake of having crossed the Rubicon—then it is small wonder that curiosity has ruinous results in the case of the girl whose natural desire to know has been aroused by the secrecy of stupid parents. If a girl between fifteen and eighteen whose thinking, like the little author of *A Young Girl's Diary,* has been focussed on sex but whose capacity for forming judgments has not yet ripened—if such a child happens to fall into a man's hands, he will have no difficulty in amply satisfying her curiosity. And the deluded creature has no precedent by which to test the fineness of a man's intentions. Love is love to her, the love she has heard about and read about and dreamt about.

Misleading, even erroneous, as it often is to schematize human nature and sort people into types, yet it will help in our case to group women under three classes —the primitive female; that is, the exceedingly passionate one who gives herself simply because the man is a male who satisfies her instincts and may take and leave her; the half-emancipated but poorly educated girl who hides helplessly behind the sometimes feeble barricade of her inhibitions, which the man must and can tear down in order to master her; and the fully emancipated woman, the woman of the future, who is safe against any man, unattainable except by the one she loves and chooses herself because she loves or

wants him, who is clear-eyed and conscious of what she is doing.

The primitive woman, naturally, will not be dealt with in this book, since her accessibility offers no problem to a pursuing male. For the very opposite reason the fully emancipated woman will not be discussed. Her inaccessibility makes her impregnable. No masculine methods will prevail with her. She either loves the man or does not love him. She finds him either worthy or unworthy of becoming her mate.

As I have said, it is not safe to draw the lineaments of the types too sharply. A woman of the one category may, through circumstances, take on some of the traits of the woman of the other category. For instance, a beautiful girl may have a more passionate nature than one less happily endowed and yet may be cooler in her attitude toward men. The ill-favored one is prone to surmise sweet mysteries in the crassest stupidities that a man whispers to her.

And a special class is formed by women who have had sexual experience in marriage or otherwise. In intelligent women the weakening of inhibitions is noticeable soon after marriage. "Ah," sighs the bachelor, "had I met a woman like her, I'd have married too." What the bachelor admires is the result of the inner ease and freedom she has acquired after girlish shyness has dropped away. Her natural self, which has emerged, can now meet even unmarried men with an intuitive understanding and tact that had been fumbled by virginal inhibitions. Had the bachelor met her before

marriage, he might have found her as much of a bore or coquette as the other girls of his acquaintance.

However, in many married women whose intelligence is not of the highest order other inhibitions take the place of the original ones, evoked by fear of discovery and scandal, fear of consequences, money considerations and the like.

Upbringing, education in sex matters, cultivated surroundings and associations, all are influences which affect a person's original nature favorably, while wars political upheavals, anything that threatens the individual's economic security, are destructive of character.

Age, too, as has been elaborated upon, makes a difference. Mentally, women mature earlier than men. A girl of sixteen is a flapper; at twenty-two or four she is a young lady. A lad of sixteen is a baby; he begins to be a man at twenty-four and seldom matures before he is thirty-five.

With a boy intimate a girl in her teens falls easy prey to her animal instincts. She can form no judgment of his personality, because as yet he has none, and the relation that at first seemed to be a purely friendly one turns into so-called love.

On the other hand, girls of twenty-four of normal intelligence exercise choice. In England, America, Scandinavia, and, within the last years, in Germany, too, they no longer fear becoming old maids. They seek the superior man, who, besides love, can offer them intellectual companionship. They want to look up to him and be honored and valued. They are willing to wait for the right person.

At the end of the thirties comes the time when many women, losing their enjoyment of intellectual qualities, turn into actual vampires, making mere youths their prey, in a frantic fear that their sex lives are reaching a close, and in the convulsive hope that these young men have it in their power to make them tremendously happy.

Women's potentialities, therefore, for a given man vary according to their age.

And so age, character, economic status, education, inhibitions, home surroundings, beauty, ugliness, all are factors affecting the strategy of male approach.

IV

The Male Motive

THE mainspring of all masculine action is undoubtedly the ego. It is stronger even than the sex instinct, which, as we shall see, only plays the subsidiary rôle of feeding the ego. Ego, moreover, exists even when there is no sex.

The expression of the ego assumes many forms, from the sublime to the ridiculous. Those waxed ends to an abbreviated mustache, which strike most of us as merely funny, somehow confer upon their wearer when he twirls them a sense of extreme masculinity. More explicable is the golden emblem of a fraternity or order worn in the buttonhole or on the watch-chain.

But it is in his sex life—and this is true of some animals as well as of the human species—that the male ego finds its fullest and keenest realization. At the moment of puberty in the male, women begin to play a dominating part in the development of his personality.

Theoretically, every man is potentially every woman's wooer—exclusive, of course, of such as are repulsive for one reason or another. Even if his feelings for a particular woman may be those of indifference, even if he knows she is quite inaccessible, he nevertheless sees in her the opposite pole that strikes sparks, the opposite sex.

I know men whose very voices assume a different tone when they address women, no matter if both of

the people are positive that intimacies will never be established between them. Most men find a gathering without women dull, and insist, the intellectuals as well as the others, on including women among the guests they invite to their affairs. The feminine presence is a challenge to their wits, it evokes their brilliance. It cannot be that they always have the starting of a relationship in mind. That would be too much even for a Casanova. It is simply that the attraction of attention from a member of the other sex heightens the sense of ego.

The ego also furnishes a reason for the frequent phenomenon of large men choosing small women and small men big women. It operates, however, differently in the two cases.

Protection of the weak enhances the ego as much as victory over a worthy foe. It was the first duty of the knights of old to protect women and orphans, and in a wreck the Nordic races rescue "women and children first." Similarly the strong man derives a thrill of pride in having a delicate little creature at his side. The physically powerful woman, not needing his strength to lean on, makes him feel superfluous. He abhors her.

The male ego also requires the sense of decisiveness and determination. This shows both in large matters and in mere trivialities, as for instance in dancing, in which few men care to let the woman take the lead even though she may be a professional stage dancer. She robs him of the feeling of being the guiding factor.

She who tries to hold her strong man by noticeably

endeavoring to master him, commits a grave tactical error. She is clever who manages her strong man without his knowing it, by suggestion, not by command, like Lady Pearl Graystone in W. Somerset Maugham's comedy, *Our Betters*. Pearl is the mistress of the millionaire Fenwick, and is found by her sister in a compromising situation with another man. Scandal ensues. Fenwick is enraged. Here is how the Lady brings him around.

Fenwick: You understand that everything is over between us.

Pearl: If you have made up your mind there's nothing for me to say. I know that nothing can move you when you've once done that.

Fenwick (drawing himself up a little): No, that has always been part of my power.

Pearl: I wouldn't have you otherwise.

Fenwick: I don't want to part from you in anger, Pearl. Last night I could have thrashed you within an inch of your life.

Pearl: Why didn't you? Do you think I'd have minded from the man I loved?

Fenwick: I never slept a wink.

Pearl: One would never think it. You must be made of iron.

Fenwick: I think I am sometimes. . . . I wonder what you will do without me, girlie.

Pearl (her voice breaking): It'll be very hard. I've grown so used to depending on you whenever anything has gone wrong. I've come to

you and you have to put it right. I was beginning to think there was nothing you couldn't do.

Fenwick: I've always welcomed obstacles. I like something to surmount. It excites me.

Pearl: You seemed to take all my strength from me. I felt strangely weak beside you.

Fenwick: It wasn't necessary that we should both be strong. I loved you because you were weak. I liked you to come to me in all your troubles. It made me feel so good to be able to put everything right for you.

Pearl: You've always been able to do the impossible.

Fenwick (impressively): I have never found anything impossible.

Pearl (deeply moved): Except to forgive.

Fenwick: I see you know me. I never forget, I never forgive.

Pearl: I suppose that's why people feel there's something strangely Napoleonic about you.

. . .

Pearl (to Bessie): Men are very trivial, foolish creatures. They have kind hearts, but their heads—oh dear, dear, it's lamentable. They have a mechanical intelligence. And they are so vain, poor dears, they are so vain.

By her assumed admiration of his strength and infallibility, Pearl has stroked down and soothed Fenwick's ego. One can fairly see him laying back his ears and wagging his tail and coming back to her feet.

In the case of the short man and tall wife, one would suppose, superficially, that the male ego would be quashed. Not so, however. No matter how subordinate a man's part may be in his daily domestic life, no matter how henpecked, still it is he who somehow asserts his male strength with reference to the female. If he can exercise his masculinity, his male sex domination over this great, strong, powerful female, how powerful must not his own ego be!

The significance of the ego in sexual life has not been sufficiently emphasized. Alfred Adler in his various writings has treated the subject illuminatingly, but on the whole the sexual moment is thrust too much into the foreground, though there is no doubt that the ego, both in a positive and a negative sense, very often supersedes the purely sexual moments more or less completely.

Without question the average man derives a feeling of pride and strength from the conquest of a woman. It is a source of aggrandizement to his ego. He counts the women he has won and possessed as the Indian counts his scalps.

As for women, they count the admirers they have rejected.

The male ego impels the man to go forth and conquer (advance, aggression). The female sits and dismisses (defense).

For that reason it is unjust to measure masculine and feminine chastity by the same rule. Man's natural rôle seems to be multiple acquisition for subservience to his ego.

Society, moreover, and the masculine half of it at that, has thrown a halo around feminine purity, and so given women the rewards that come from general commendation. This is the result, probably, of the subconscious realization on the part of men that women are not moral in their sense of the word—a subject more fully discussed in the chapter on *Are Women Moral?* In the ear of the righteous and the he-man, not even the word charming has so exquisite a ring as the word pure when applied to femininity.

The male, on the other hand, far from being lauded, is subjected to ridicule if he abstains from sexual indulgence. His abstinence is not placed on the credit side of his ledger, not even by women, who demand sex experience of the male and hold chastity against him as a sign of lack of temperament, or even worse.

Moralizing over the value of masculine virtue is of questionable worth. But whether or not sexual abstinence in men is possible, necessary, or admirable, it is certainly to be rated far higher than is chastity in women.

The man of sixty may do well to sound the praises of morality as a cloak for his own sex failures. A virile young man in the twenties may justly be proud of himself if he subdues his passions. The Catholic Church knows well why she demands abstinence and not impotence of her clergy.

It is by no means easy for a young man, if he sets up chastity for himself as a principle, to abide by it. The conversation of young men, it must be remembered, revolves almost exclusively about sport, boot-

legging and women. And when some, more idealistically inclined, listen to the boasting of their friends over real or fanciful amorous adventures, when they see what admiration and envy these braggart tales arouse in both men and women, it is hard to be satisfied and maintain one's ego on the ground of having done the right thing. It is far easier to pride oneself on having seized what one wanted. President Wilson was not universally admired when he said a man may be too proud to fight. No, it is the common (though unwritten) law to grab what you can, and you're a fool if you don't.

So, in the vast majority of the youth we have to deal with an ego based not on victory over one's desires, but on victories over women, so that in them the sex urge and the will to conquer become practically one and the same.

This urge, therefore, is different in the two sexes, different in its physical origins and different in its manifestations.

That the physical origins are to be sought elsewhere in women than in men becomes immediately apparent from the fact that the complete removal of all her sexual organs does not destroy a woman's passional life. She may develop more passion than she had before the operation. It is not so with men. Their passionate life is absolutely dependent on the normal functioning of their glands.

The sexual urge has been analyzed as consisting of two elements, detumescence and contrectation. By the former concept is meant the quick desire to free oneself of the tension, the pressure that accompanies the swell

of passion. By the latter concept is meant the prolonged wish to be close to the object of love, close physically, mentally, spiritually. Detumescence is the preëminent characteristic of the male, contrectation of the female. Contrectation, however, plays a part of varying intensity in different men, and detumescence takes a minor rôle in women.

Contrectation is the desire to hold hands, to pet and hug and to be petted and hugged, to be with the object of love, whether man or child, now and always.

Obviously, detumescence is more physical in its nature; contrectation is more of a psychological phenomenon.

The biological basis of these differences probably lies in the actions of our ductless glands, which are not at all alike in men and women.

It is generally accepted that consciousness is a form of energy that is chemically determined. No further evidence of the truth of this is needed than our observations of the psychological effect of chemical substances, like narcotics and anaesthetics, when taken into the system. Anaesthetics temporarily but completely paralyze the cerebral ganglia. Morphium and hasheesh in appropriate doses stimulate them. Even a certain specificity is observable. Hasheesh provokes the emotional and sexual associations, morphium exalts the ego and brings out the intellectual associations.

A morphium addict when utterly deprived of the drug shows extreme symptoms of abstinence, due probably to the formation of chemical substances that must be neutralized by additional doses of the drug.

Likewise a person in love but deprived for whatever reason, whether voluntary or involuntary, of indulging his passion manifests abstinence symptoms. Chemistry is at work here, too, through the action of those ductless glands, to which, I said, we must look for the biological basis of sex differences.

"The various ductless glands of the body send out hormones or chemical messengers to control the whole growth and development of the organism, including the primary and secondary sexual characters, and thereby to determine, it may be, and certainly to influence, even the most delicate variations of sexual temperament. So that both the strength and the direction of the individual's erotic impulses are largely dependent on these endocrines, as they are called." (Havelock Ellis.)

The special chemical constitution of the individual, therefore, determines his sex behavior. In one it may produce roughness, brutality, sheer animalism. In others it may affect the highest centers of the brain and produce marvellous creations of human genius. In some men unrequited love has brought forth—as an abstinence symptom—lovelier and greater works than fulfilment. "It is out of my great sorrows," cried Heine, "that I make my little songs." Dante wrote *The Divine Comedy* because he had seen Beatrice once, while Petrarch never held Laura in his arms. Luther Burbank, the naturalist, openly avowed that his jilted love sent him to nature and stimulated his wonderful experiments with fruits and flowers.

That these chemical messengers are specific for each

sex has been proved by Steinach. He removed the testicles from male rats and put female organs in their place. As a result, the rats' psychology or temperament changed from masculine to feminine. They lost their fighting instinct and become maternal as a normal female rat. Their milk glands functioned, and the young went to them as instinctively as to a mother rat, and they let the young suck, in which complicated physiological act they showed the satisfaction, patience and solicitude that we observe in the female.

Similar psychological and functional changes take place in the female when the reverse transfer of glands is made, when masculine glands are introduced into the feminine body. The female rat goes through the stages of sexual unripeness to maturity, displays manly qualities of temperament, and is drawn in the manly way to the females.

Steinach was justified in concluding from his experiments that neither the secondary somatic nor the secondary psychic sex characters are immutably fixed. They can be transformed or transposed. And even a quantitative relationship can be proved, since the degree of puberty depends on the amount of transplanted substance. Furthermore, it has been established that the action of the hormones concentrates on the brain, and the amount of internal secretions present at a given time determines not only the secondary sex characters, but even the individual differences in sexual disposition.

Such experiments as Steinach made on rats have not and cannot, of course, be tried on human beings. But through accident or mutilation men have lost their sex

organs, and a study can be made of the psychological effects this has upon them through corresponding deficiency in internal secretion. The most famous case of mutilation is that of Abelard, because of his own scholarly eminence and because of the great love he had for Héloïse. Directly after the crime was committed on him by his enemies, his feelings for Héloïse underwent a change. "Formerly," she writes in her first letter, "when the love of pleasure was your pursuit, often did I hear from you. In your songs the name of Héloïse was made familiar to every tongue. It was heard in every street. The walls of every home repeated it. . . . Weigh your obligations and attend to my request" (to write). To which Abelard replied: "You, my sister, formerly dear to me in the world, but now most dear to me in Christ. . . ." And he closes: "Live and farewell, my sister, live, but in Christ."

The translator Berington remarks: "The reader, who has been stirred by Héloïse's romantic letter and takes a vivid interest in her fate, will surely be disappointed by Abelard's cold reply. I, for my part, expected nothing else. His letter shows the man's character to be as I described him."

Here was this magnificent love, which has come down through the ages as the example *par excellence* of a great passion, shattered because the man's body had been mutilated. If love were a purely psychologic phenomenon, independent of physical conditions, why should Abelard have nothing to offer his wife in return for her glowing love letters but coldness and moralizing?

Love, then, and its expression are actually determined by chemical factors, horrible as the thought may be to our poets, moralists, idealists and others. There is nothing supernatural, or holy, or inexplicable in it. Sanctification and glorification must come through specifically human mental processes, though in general it is our very thinking that debases love. The principle of the As-If of Vaihinger must be applied here, Kant's categorical imperative. We *must* behave as if love were something holy and supernatural. The man who is aware of the purely chemico-physiologic conditioning of love but desires the loftiest possible relation with a woman, elevates love to holiness, while the man who cares only for physical gratification, no matter what his conception of the origin of love may be, desecrates it.

In the last chapter of this book, when crystallization is spoken of, and the growth of affection in man, the part attributed to the action of the sex hormones will explain why frequent and rapid gratification of desire and intensive flirtations leaving nothing to the imagination are destructive of the development of deeper, finer feelings in him.

It is only on the basis of the materialist or chemical conception of love with sanctification through thought that we can hope for a solution of the dispute over the essence of love and passion.

Though for purely physiological reasons there cannot be, we have seen, sexual love in men devoid of passion, as there can be in women, passion can and does exist in them without love. In fact, loveless passion is

the order of the day. It is the *raison d'être* of this book.

Passion causes the illusion of love and leads to unions between persons who may be totally unsuited to each other in all but this one respect of passion felt in common.

As soon as we realize that the chemical secretions of the ductless glands are the basic elements in the creation of love and passion, we shall understand that the form of expression these emotions take depends on the individual character and temperament. In one the hormones may produce religious ecstasy and mysticism, making a deity of the object loved, in others they may excite gruesome perversities, in still others they may, as I said earlier, inspire great achievements in the arts and sciences.

The various male motives for extra-marital approach to women take their form at the bidding of the ego and the hormones.

V

Types

Though Hans Vaihinger proves in his epoch-making philosophical work *As-If* that the concept of types is an arbitrary fiction of human thought, that types do not in actuality exist, still in this discussion of male courtship we shall consider men in terms of roughly divided categories, and if we always bear in mind that it is not a dogmatic pigeon-holing of the infinite diversity of human traits, we shall not be led into error.

In business, in our social relations, in schools and courts, in all activities, we make broad distinctions, as between the cowardly and the brave, the intelligent and the stupid, the determined and the irresolute, the witty and the boresome. These outstanding traits give a particular character to everything an individual does. The brave, resolute man will drive a car around a difficult, unexpected turn serenely and smoothly; the nervous, cowardly man may stop with a jerk and start up again with a jerk.

The same contrasts carry over into courtship. The sneak will be a sneak in the wooing of a woman, the liar will lie, the stupid man will commit follies, and each will employ a distinctive form of approach that is the outgrowth of his specific personality.

Of course, a not utterly witless man adapts his methods somewhat to the nature of the feminine resistances that he may encounter, just as any driver of a car

will take one turn at a different tempo from another, but smoothly if he is level-headed, jerkily if he is irresolute.

In the main, however, a man employs only that single form of courtship which springs from his native qualities and has nothing to do with the qualities of the woman in the case: in fact, are seldom in accord with them. Should he, for the sake of the woman's different nature or any other reasons, attempt to change his natural tactics, he may be caught in his own snares and not be able to extricate himself from a relation which he intended should be only temporary.

Two situations of this sort were well delineated by a German writer, Raoul Auernheimer. In a short story called *A Fairy Tale of Fidelity* he tells of two boyhood friends who separate and meet again after years. The one is alert and vigorous, a genuine Don Juan, who denounces women for their lack of fidelity. The other is worn, aged, and disgruntled. "Love-making," he says "went on all around me. My friends did nothing but tell of the pleasures of love." He meets a girl with whom he starts a sophomoric flirtation. Soon, however, it begins to pall, and instead of doing what his friends would have done in the circumstances, that is, either tell the girl that the affair was too silly, or simply break loose without a word, he takes her walking on a moonlit night and declares he is unworthy of her. The girl casts her eyes down and tells him how much she esteems him and that she will wait for him as long as need be. So she waits for years until the man, who

has become known as her fiancé, can do nothing in decency but marry her.

In another story by the same writer, a man under the influence of his friends takes a woman for his mistress who has had a vast deal of experience. When he attempts to break off the relationship, the woman detects the sheep in the wolf's skin and slaps him. He awkwardly explains he was merely joking.

In considering masculine types it must be borne in mind that there are feminine types who are suited for only a certain kind of wooing. Trouble to the man may ensue if he overlooks this fact. A bit of tragi-comedy of this sort once fell under my notice.

A young man whose parents had left the city invited a few other lads and two girls of easy virtue to his home. One of the young men, more idealistically inclined than the rest, had no taste for crass enjoyment, and while the others amused themselves with the one girl, he carried on a serious, lofty conversation with the other—not from virtuous intentions, but because of his search for beauty where there was no beauty. The girl, for her part, mistook the significance of his capers, thought him easy prey, and played the virtuous woman to increase her market value, as she supposed. The young man was disappointed in his quest of beauty, and the girl in her quest of a gold mine.

A somewhat similar error is made by men when they try to inject sentiment into their dealings with a prostitute. She resents it. To make her profession bearable she has had to thrust aside romance and thoughts of

more ideal relations with men. It hurts less to be handled roughly.

The youth of the little episode just recounted illustrates the point previously made that people cannot help but remain true to the strong dominant traits of their character. The marked vein of idealism in him revealed itself even in a banal experience.

On the whole, however, idealism plays a small part in extra-marital approach. At any rate, in this book, for the sake of arriving at a clear perception of the present state of amorous relations, we shall not consider men in whom it is paramount.

Universal experience as well as study have revealed that other very definite qualities count for more in the male strategy. It is these qualities that will be considered in the following chapters.

VI

He

Some years ago, at about the same time as *The Music Master* drew tears from crowded houses, a quite different sort of a play also enthralled rapt thousands. Each was a falsification of a primitive emotion. The falser of the two, perhaps, was *The Great Divide,* for all its pretense of modern realism.

A young woman of New England blue-blooded ancestry is left alone at night in a lonely hut on a Western ranch. Four ruffians break into the hut with intent to rob and assault. The gun with which the girl thinks to defend herself turns out to be unloaded. She is desperate, but in her desperation she manages somehow to single out one of the men as better (and better-looking) than the others, appeals to him, and asks him to take her—but within the law, meaning by that in wedlock. He calls the other men aside, parleys with them, and buys them off with a string of gold nuggets. Then she and he ride off together gloriously on horseback in the romantic, moonlit night to obtain the sanction of marriage.

That ends the first act. The rest of the play deals with the young woman's remorse. What scruples trouble her Puritan conscience? That she yielded to rape? Of course, you will say. But not at all. Her maundering ailment is that she permitted herself to be bought like a slave for a chain of gold nuggets. And what do you

suppose is the attitude of the hooligan of the first act toward this whimpering female? Does he, true to his character of man of force, bully the nonsense out of her head? No, he tenderly cajoles her. He displays saintly patience, the courtesy of a Launcelot, the chastity of a Galahad.

The author, I am told, motivated the characters at the beginning somewhat differently. The sanction of marriage was not in his original copy but was inserted in deference to the state of public taste, at that time, in these matters. However, it is not the author's ability or his knowledge or ignorance of human nature that interests us here. It is the response to this play of vast numbers of women.

I spoke to at least fifty, married and unmarried, of every kind of temperament, but all delicately nurtured. With one exception they told me they had been "thrilled." I was particularly amazed by one exceedingly fastidious person, who had rejected several suitors on the ground that they were not "nice" enough. She came of a well-to-do family in a small city and had been reared most solicitously in the Victorian tradition. However, she was no longer young, she was past the stage of innocence, had had, I happened to know, a good deal of vicarious experience, and could not be said not to be aware of just what is implied in rape. She behaved as though *The Great Divide* had given her a delicious little knock-out blow below the belt.

The one exception who was not thrilled was another girl who also had been reared in a sheltered tower of ivory. But she had broken through. Some force within

had driven her out into the world to face the verities—the economic, the social, the sex verities. Yet she had a romantic, even a poetic nature, and it was this very side of her that had been revolted by *The Great Divide*.

"What the women don't see," she said to me, "is the ugly, brutish thing underneath the actor's handsome, groomed exterior. The creature that came to rape was so foul, the very exhalations of his sweaty body were so loathsome that any girl above a prostitute would have fainted in his embrace. The women don't realize that the stage gentleman raper is an absurdity, an unreal monstrosity, a something that never has and never will exist. Gentlemen don't ally themselves with ruffians, and certainly not in the West where women are so highly regarded. The man that would break in and try to assault, no matter what the extenuating circumstances, would never turn out to be a refined sort of person. And no woman, not the most exquisite, nor the most understanding, nor the most tactful in the world, would have it in her power to change the original assaulting gorilla into a sweet, saintly, forbearing, abstaining husband."

Many years later, when this same girl was married and ripely experienced, I asked her opinion of the effect of *The Sheikh* on the feminine world.

"Ah," she said, "the sheikh was a different sort of man. He wasn't probable, but he was at least, in the right concatenation of circumstances, within the realm of the possible. His conduct was properly motivated. He had known and loved the girl in secret before he abducted her, and the abduction was committed for

the purpose of avenging a wrong. It was a gentleman's affair. Nor did the girl succumb at first sight. It took many weeks for her to overcome her original sense of outrage."

"Did *The Sheikh* thrill you?" I asked.

She smiled. "In a way," she said. "Though I am the kind that refuses to let a man support her, yet there is something delicious in the dream of a strong, protective man picking you up on horseback and carrying you off to a tent of voluptuous divans, where he shelters you against life's cold blasts and turns your days into one long warm draught of love."

At the bottom, therefore, of women's admiration of the use of force is the worship of strength. A natural emotion. Life *is* full of icy blasts, and we would all want, if we could get them, good strong sheltering walls.

But the question is, does the man that takes his women by force, give them the protection they crave? Is not the situation rather the reverse? Does he not use them as long as they please him, then turn them out into an icier cold than they had suffered before?

It is feminine admiration of strength and the confusion of brutality with strength that paves the way for the rough types, who are successful in holding women even beyond the courting stage through long periods of cruel domination. Examples occur more frequently in the lower classes, as between Nancy and Bill Sikes in *Oliver Twist*, or as between a prostitute and her procurer, yet also in higher society, in which the women suffer a revulsion from the effeminate men in their social sphere.

The man who uses the forceful approach is not necessarily of the brawny, muscular type. In recent years, particularly, it is observable that women many times choose in preference to the big animal type, men who have some distinction for actual or supposed mental qualities, men of energy and ability in whatever they undertake. The women who sense a new titillation in the "cave man" are usually neurotics suffering from boredom or their own inner inferiority.

At the opposite pole are the strong healthy women who choose weaklings for their mates, seeing in them besides the man and the lover, also the child, the creature they can mother.

A remarkable and beautiful drama, *The She Devil,* was based on this theme. To everyone's astonishment, a magnificent-looking peasant woman, sound to the core, marries a weak, sickly man. He is wealthy, to be sure. She loves him, nobody can fathom why. He is a smuggler.

A revenue officer, a handsome, powerful young fellow, with a reputation for being impervious to bribery, turns up. The husband hopes to get around him through his wife.

The officer searches the house, and comes upon a locked chest. He insists upon its being opened. The woman refuses. With a blow of his fist he crashes in the lid. There to his amazement lie a heap of baby clothes.

The woman is furious that her secret longing has been exposed, but at the same time she conceives an

ardent desire for the powerful man. He is the one, she feels, to satisfy her longing for a child.

The officer, on his side, also falls in love, and for her sake he is false to his duty. However, his conscience prevents him from taking her, and he confesses to his superior. She, in turn, begins to hate both her husband and the officer and incites one against the other, until the officer kills his rival. That rids her of both.

The cave man, the creature who uses the method of forceful approach, occurs with varying degrees of frequency, the North Germans, the Dutch, and the Hungarians excelling in the practice. Apart from the specific disposition of the individual, this is ascribable to the fact that in these countries accosting women on the street is so common. In Latin countries the men also force themselves upon women on the street, but their advances are never rough and brutal. As for England and America, they are almost altogether free of this lowest form of masculine attack, not because it does not lie within the natures of the same types of men, who exist in these countries as they do elsewhere, but because it is a dangerous thing to do. Law and custom militate against it, and the women are too self-aware not to resent it. They would immediately call for police interference.

No man with the faintest trace of refinement of feeling would resort to it. Only such can employ it as are reckless of the number of times they are rebuffed before they meet with a stray success.

At the end of the business day the chase begins. The

man examines each woman as she passes until he finds one that he thinks will do. He addresses her. If she answers, the beginning is made. If she hurries on he does not abandon pursuit. He follows, speaks to her again until she answers or looks about for a policeman. Then he tries the same tactics with another woman, and a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, any number, until one finally consents to let him accompany her.

The rest is simple if the streak of cave man runs pure in him. As such he will allow no sentiment to be foisted upon him. There will be no talk of love. "I want you," is all he will say. "Come, let's have a bite, then up to my room."

What actuates the compliant woman one finds it difficult to surmise. Perhaps it is the common confusion of strength with brutality and the readiness to subject oneself to the stronger. What is certain is that these male tactics prevent in advance the action of the inhibitions, which go down at the initial blow.

Women desirous of sex indulgence favor this form of approach because if it excludes sentiment it also prevents pangs of conscience and brings them quickly to their goal.

The very nature of the approach is such that it will not be effective with young, inexperienced girls, or with more refined women. As for the clear-eyed modern woman, it would simply seem ridiculous and disgusting to her.

It is a way of courting peculiar to the species *homo sapiens*, unknown in the animal world. Some animals,

the horse and certain monkeys, bite or beat the female during copulation. No animal uses brutality to win the female.

The psychological processes of these males are clear. They pursue physical satisfaction alone, to the utter exclusion of emotion. That from the start exonerates them of responsibility and precludes any implications when the rupture comes. The woman will be forewarned: expectations will not be aroused of anything but a brutal ending to a brutal beginning: tears and complaints, she will realize, will avail her nothing. They will simply be a sign to the man that it is time for the affair to end.

The street accoster, as I intimated, is most frequently to be found where the legal protection of women is not strong or where the male members of a family do not place a high value on the chastity of their women, or where women have little self-assertiveness. In no case would a man venture to approach in this way a woman he knows socially.

In Italy and Spain accosting on the street is a veritable plague to women. The Italian assumes that if a woman walks by herself she is looking for a man. He will not take a rebuff, he will often follow her straight into her house.

The method is not so simple as would appear on the surface. The man must be so constituted that he can carry the affair through to the finish on the same plane of hooliganism that it was begun. He can afford no finer accessories. If he does not adhere consistently to the method of brutality he will be caught in a trap.

Women, with their keen instinct for the difference between outer appearance and the reality underneath, would detect the weaker man hiding under the skin.

The ruthlessness of the thoroughly consistent types shows itself even more in the way they rid themselves of the women than in the way they win them. Whatever difficulty the man may have had, if any, in securing a woman, he has none in discarding her. The fact that he has excluded sentiment from the start and given plain signs that the relation is to be a passing one, makes it easy for him when the time comes merely to repudiate her and rudely reject her advances. The woman in the case is clearly his slave as long as he wants her.

A humorous magazine satirized this procedure in an illustration of a man and a girl who have evidently just become lovers. "Will you marry me, too?" runs the legend under the picture. "Please," says the man, "I beg of you, don't speak of things that have nothing to do with the case."

A technique allied to the one just described is adapted to parlor use, and that is the telling of salacious jokes, which is a common form of entertainment.

If the woman enjoys the smutty story, that is tantamount to the man's success; if she sees nothing funny in it, he knows she is inexperienced; if she rises and leaves, he sees she is too refined for him; if, however, he meets with none of these reactions, the woman, clearly, is experienced and understands, is not offended, and is, therefore, attainable. Thus, not having to fear a

sharp rebuff, he may proceed along the same lines or come straight out with his object.

The effectiveness of the method is illustrated by another joke I read in a humorous paper. A man tells a woman a coarse story and she slaps him in the face. "Doesn't that happen to you a lot?" asks another man. "Oh, yes," is the answer, "but I'm often successful, too."

A further illustrative anecdote is related by Balzac of his friend the Count de Noce, a man of sixty-five, happily married to a woman of only twenty-five. A young nephew from Moscow comes to pay them a visit. The Count observes that his wife takes a liking to him. He plays a trick on him. He tells him that women like to hear off-color stories. The nephew tries the experiment on the count's wife, and the count's connubial happiness is preserved. The young woman, whom the Count knew to be extremely fastidious, is disgusted and refuses to see the nephew again.

Another variety of the rude assault approach is the risky but often successful method of the surprise attack. It is employed as a rule by young, intelligent men, artists or students who can afford to take chances.

The women with whom it succeeds are usually young, married, lively, flirtatious, craving diversion, and interested in art and artists, and men in general. The thing happens on short acquaintance, not from the explosion of a passion that knows no bounds, but from a deliberately calculated and tested plan.

A cosy *tête-à-tête*, animated conversation touching on the theater, music, artists, social gossip, amusing

experiences and anecdotes verging on the risqué. Laughter. Quite casually the man takes the lady's hand. The gesture seems harmless, and the hand is not withdrawn. Suddenly, without warning, she finds herself in his arms being kissed. Whether love is declared or not is immaterial. In any case it would be only an embellishment, not an emotion.

The man's psychological processes are something like this: he thinks, the woman is flirtatious, she would like a lover, only opportunity has not arisen, or maybe she is afraid. The surprise attack gives no time for fear or considerations of any sort, unless there is the danger of someone entering and discovering her in the compromising situation. For that very reason, however, she cannot cry alarm, and from the quality of the kiss she gives in return to his, he with his experience will know how far he may go. But what if she should be furious and show him the door? He has not lost much; she would not have had him no matter what way he treated her. What if she slaps his face? A slap from a woman is a battle scar, a sign of courage—if not a glorious, at least an amusing one.

The women are mixed in their feelings. Few scream or call for help; that is, if the man has been wise enough not to choose one whose consciousness of innocence renders her immune to fear of consequences. The flirtatious person knows that she is not entirely blameless and would bring down on herself the charge of having provoked the situation. To summon the servants would cause scandal, explanations would not silence them. To call her husband would be still more

futile. He would only wonder what she had left unconfessed. So it is wiser to create no disturbance.

Added to this is a sense of pride that the man loves her sufficiently to expose himself to such dangers. His passion must be ardent, indeed, for him to be so robbed of self-control. Women forgive any sin committed for love of them. Little do they suspect that the scene just enacted, which to them seems like an act of impulsive, splendid daring, has been often rehearsed. The man, however, realizes that the bravery is all on the other side, the woman running the entire risk, and it is dubious whether, if they were discovered, he would take the blame on himself.

Of course, there are cases of a similar situation arising after longer acquaintance and not as the result of a deliberate plan. The man may really like the woman and want finally to arouse feeling in her. After a shorter or longer courtship, against which she shows no distaste, he feels justified in hastening the climax. And the woman who may enjoy the assault (recall Hergesheimer's heroine in *Cytherea,* who declared, "I want to be raped"), or permit it for the sake of the consequent declarations, or for the sake of another encounter, thereby admits herself vanquished.

This may be designated a mechanical shattering of inhibitions, against which the woman's only defense is an expression of repulsion. Nothing hurts the male more than if a woman finds contact with him disagreeable. The fury of the stoker in O'Neill's drama *The Hairy Ape* is increased by the sense that he is disgusting to

the society lady. But uncertainty of conduct, indecision, wavering, deliver the woman straight into the man's power. Once she has been kissed with passion the next step is easy and depends only upon opportunity and her freedom from family control.

The procedure might also be called the method of coercion, since it does more than break down the barricade of inhibitions. It forces the woman into a position from which she cannot extricate herself by calling in outside help. Publicity, as we have seen, might only react adversely upon her while letting the man out of the situation completely.

Forel cites the case of a man who tells a girl he has engaged a room for her in another town where she can easily find work as a milliner and be self-supporting. She consents and moves into the room. At two o'clock in the morning the man suddenly appears. It turns out it was his room. She starts to scream. He tells her if she does not desist she will be turned out on the street and lose the chance of earning a living.

The customary form of this method is for a man to induce a woman on one pretext or another to come to his room—to see some object of literary or artistic interest, or simply on a dare. The same result is attained by making a rendezvous at some place of ill repute.

The man takes for granted that the woman knew what it is all about and by coming gives silent assent. If, however, she is innocent, the responsibility is still not his because she came to him voluntarily.

The woman's viewpoint is not so simple. The fully

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emancipated woman would not consider herself in any way involved. The majority of American girls, if only to exhibit their daring, will visit a man in his rooms without allowing him the slightest liberty. The essentially inexperienced girl would not hesitate at all, especially if she liked the man. To her the visit in itself would seem quite harmless.

When, however, the sophisticated woman undertakes the venture, she does so with a full realization of the consequences, especially when she stipulates that the man is not to approach her. Woe unto him if he is gullible and takes her at her word, thereby showing that his love is not greater than his sense of honor. He will never be forgiven. Her stipulation was merely a ruse to shift the burden of guilt on him. "Jupiter smiles at perjury from the mouths of lovers."

Sudermann uses this theme cleverly in one of his short stories. A gentleman invites a lady to his rooms. She demands his word of honor that he will not touch her. He, however, attempts trifling and is at first repulsed. But before long she removes her clothes. At the same time she takes out a curling-iron, hardly a sign that she intends to hold him to his word. The man, apparently no connoisseur of women, does not realize that the exaction of the promise was a feint on her part and sends her back home untouched, but also grievously disappointed.

French literature of the eighteenth century is full of cases of the method of forceful approach. Marshal Richelieu occasionally availed himself of the use of coercive tricks. Vicomte de Valmont on a false pretext

persuades Cecile de Volanges to give him the key to her room and slips in during the night. When she awakes and starts to pull the bell-cord, he stops her. "What are you doing? You'll ruin yourself. I cannot be hurt. You'll never convince anyone that you didn't invite me. Who but you, they'd think, gave me the means of entering?" A clear case of the man having placed a girl in a compromising situation from which she in her inexperience is unable to extricate herself.

A similar experience is cited in Stendhal's *De l'amour*. A man desires a beautiful but virtuous lady. While she is at a social function, he hides in her bedroom. His impatience drives him to make his presence known before she has gone to sleep. In the full consciousness of her innocence she calls for her servants who chase the intruder from the castle. "Had he waited two hours longer, I should have been in distress," she says. "He would have declared, 'Who will doubt but that I am here at your command?' "

One more forceful method should be mentioned, that of physical touch. Its form and effect are so simple and obvious that we may pass it over with merely a word about feminine reaction to it. From a stranger, any woman would resent it as a violation of her person; with an acquaintance it may be his short-cut to success. The modern dances in their variety of bodily contact furnish the opportunity for indicating more simply and readily than in words, and also more impressively, the intensity of desire. It was one of the ways that Ovid recommended:

"But boldly next the fair your seat provide
Close as you can to her—and side by side,
Pleased or unpleased, no matter, crowding sit
For so the laws of public shows permit."

VII

Deception

In comparison with the man who ensnares his women by deceit, the man of force has a touch of the romantic, though he, too, if he cannot accomplish his will otherwise also, as we have seen, stoops to trickery. However, he is usually ready to take the consequences. While the Vicomte de Valmont, to revenge himself on the Comte de Gercourt, ruins young Cecile de Volanges with his teachings so that the Comte shall have as his wife a woman whose morals have been destroyed, he pays for the deed with his own death.

As a rule it is older men, worn roués, who set deliberately to work to ruin young girls, as the method is too long drawn out for the patience of virile young men. It begins with a process of education or miseducation, in order to undermine her modesty.

There is a sense of shame that may be inborn and another that is acquired through training and is the outgrowth of the prevailing conception of the fitting and the ethical. Whichever it is, shame is the most difficult inhibition to overcome. As long as it persists only extraordinary passion, blind love, or artificial means such as intoxicating drinks will serve to break through it.

One effective method resorted to is the use of obscenities in language or pictures, though the customs and conventions of a given period or country may be such

that the effect is innocuous. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Japanese artists made woodcuts not to be equalled in artistic execution or in frankness. Girls and boys were permitted to look at them together and were amused as our children are amused by the comic strips. The results were never detrimental. That is in keeping with other Japanese customs, such, for instance, as the family and servants all seeing each other naked in the bath.

Primitive races also are accustomed to the sight of nudity, and contrary to the widespread belief that they lead unbridled lives of lust, they are, as a matter of fact, less excitable sexually than civilized peoples, except on the occasions when their senses are lashed to extremes by orgiastic dances, or when they are under the influence of supposedly magical powers.

Constant association with nudity takes the edge off excitability. Physicians look unmoved upon the exposed bodies of their female patients; while the obverse of the case is illustrated by sailors who, deprived for long periods at a stretch of association with women, become veritable amorous gluttons.

Sexual excitement may be induced through touch impressions, smell impressions, sight impressions, and auditory impressions, but chiefly through association. If the olfactory organs function weakly, then sight becomes more important, and it is natural, therefore, that when the sexual stimuli that work through the optical sense lose their effectiveness from daily familiarity, the custom of always going about unclad, as

among primitive races, should act as an effective agent against immoderate sexual intercourse.

Consciously or unconsciously the Spartans must have been guided by some understanding or intuition of this truth when they had their girls and boys perform their athletic exercises naked in public. As for the Japanese, no one has ever maintained that the sexes' bathing together naked has had a deleterious influence on their morality.

Thus it is that the sight of pictures that are inflaming to the Occidental will be viewed calmly by the Far Easterner either for artistic merit or for humour, but not for the stimulation of the passions.

The telling of piquant, pointed stories is as old as language. But the phenomena of *The Arabian Nights* and *The Decameron* are not comparable with the telling of obscenities in our age. There used to be more frankness, more naturalness, and no prudishness. Shakespeare wrote many a line in his serious tragedies that the censor eliminates but which Elizabeth probably laughed at instead of condemned.

Let us follow the thoughts of a young, innocent girl who is unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of an unscrupulous man, ready to assume the rôle of teacher in sex matters.

With strict injunctions not to let her parents see it, he gives her a lascivious book to read, full of sentimental rubbish. She devours the book without comprehending it fully. The parts she does not understand only enhance her curiosity. The next time she meets

the man, the book is discussed and explained, for "every girl should know these things," he tells her, and gives her more books of increasing degree of salaciousness. She admires the man's cleverness and experience; he becomes her revered mentor. One day, on the pretext of showing her an illustrated volume or portfolio of pictures he invites her to his home. A few pornographic photographs or a cocktail liven her up. The man declares his great love for her and kisses her. His previous training has removed her fears and inhibitions. She trusts her tutor, and it would be remarkable if at the last moment the realization would come to her that her life is about to be poisoned.

With sophisticated girls or women the man proceeds differently. Since they do not need enlightenment, it is merely a question of finding out whether they have moral inhibitions and whether they have the temperament and the inclination for entering into affairs.

The best way to find this out is by telling dubious stories.

That, we saw in the previous chapter, is a device resorted to on occasion also by the man of force, never, however, for the purpose of ruining a naïve young girl. His object in relating an obscene joke is merely to determine the depth of experience of his feminine prey.

The old roué, on the contrary, knows full well that the girl he is aiming at is thoroughly inexperienced. He is quite aware that a story too strongly spiced would nauseate her. She must have slow preliminary work done upon her. At first, anecdotes are to be related that will provoke a smile. These, after a time,

are to be followed by stories less veiled, which will now produce a laugh. Then, finally, arrives the moment for the use of the heavy artillery, after the girl has set aside her one defense, timidity, and has lost her modesty.

Timidity, modesty, decency, refinement are, naturally, obstacles in the way of the roué. To achieve success he must get rid of them in the girl somehow, but not at one sudden assault. That would confuse and frighten her. He must bore away at her inhibitions until they fall as if of their own decay.

Neither girls nor women, strange as it may seem, are conscious of heavily compromising themselves by listening to this sort of conversation, especially from a stranger. They are not alive to the fact that the slow insinuation, eliminating shock, precludes the saving gesture of righteous indignation.

In this group of tactics the exhibition of obscene pictures, because they often possess artistic value, like the Japanese woodcuts, are taken advantage of by men with experienced women whom essentially pornographic books might revolt.

Another underhand method, the one perhaps most commonly resorted to because it is simplest, is the use of liquor, under the stimulus of which we lose our inhibitions, let our tongues wag, and come out with the truth. The natural instincts relieved of the suppressing control of reason wake to their full potency; passion reigns supreme. Drink, surely, more than anything else, has thrown women into the arms of men. Ovid wisely advised them when in the company of men to

refrain from stimulating beverages. And "Pericone," says Boccaccio, "when he realized that his wiles failed to entice her, decided to use cunning. As he saw that she enjoyed the wine, he instructed his cupbearer to serve her a mixture of various wines, and since she was in no way prepared for it she drank more than was consistent with her sense of modesty. She forgot all past grievances, became animated, and began to dance in the Alexandrine metre. In the end he accompanied the lady alone to her bedchamber, where, more overheated from the wine than guided by her modesty, she undressed before him as though he were her handmaiden."

The most debased form of approach is, of course, through poisoning, but the treatment of this belongs in a work on criminology.

A degree above poisoning is the use of narcotics.

Curiosity, women's besetting sin, may induce her to try opium, just once, for the sake of experimenting in new sensations. If she has a latent tendency to become an addict, this once may be once too often.

In some rare instances the cases of broken promises of marriage may be classified under the method of deceit—when the promise is made to win the woman for the moment with no intention of adhering to it. That famous lover of femininity, the Marshal Richelieu, we learn from his memoirs, did not shrink from this means to his end, though he used it only once or twice in all his numerous affairs, and then the women did not take him seriously.

Though breach of promise cases fill the courts, yet

few men who have drawn women to them with the lure of marriage are necessarily deceivers. Often the promise was made in a state of unreason; when the sober awakening came, the heaven they had dreamed of turned out to be the antechamber to hell.

VIII

Sentimentality

"But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks and meagre be his face,
That color from the fair compassion draws
She thinks you sick and thinks herself the cause.
Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair,
All things are decent that in love avail.
Read long by night and study to be pale,
Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest.
Be miserable that you may be blest."

OVID.

MEN know well that women are more sympathetic than they are, gentler, more merciful, more easily moved to tears, readier to play the Good Samaritan, less self-seeking, more willing to sacrifice themselves for a friend or beloved. This is especially true of them in their relation to men. If a woman likes a man ever so little, she does not count the costs. On the contrary, the more he costs her, the dearer he becomes. And once a man enlists her sympathy and compassion, he is scarcely likely ever to lose her.

Undoubtedly the maternal instinct is at work here, a surplus of the self-sacrificing tenderness that care for the young demands in both human beings and animals. Who can say whether it is not pity for the helpless little creatures that induces a bitch to nurse lion whelps

along with her puppies? I am sustained in my opinion by others, that it is a compassionate motherliness that makes women give ear to men's pleading.

The Latin races, especially the Italians, are far more prone to sentimental love-making than the Nordic races. Their nervous system is more labile, they go from extreme to extreme. Their very language permits of an exuberance—matched by their gestures—that seems ridiculous to the Anglo-Saxon, to whom it would never occur to fall at a woman's feet and beseech her with groans and laments.

For this form of approach a requisite must exist that is not essential in the others; the woman must care in a degree for the man. Unless she cherishes some affection for him, his lachrymose conduct will strike her as ridiculous. Nor should his sentimentality seem to be a quality of weakness; it should impress her as the suffering of a passion so great that it almost reduces him, the strong man, to tears. A touch of ingenuousness, a bit of vanity, a romantic disposition, and the ability of a man to be slightly histrionic will suffice to attain the desired results.

Ovid advised young men to clasp the knees of their beloved and to burst into tears, and should tears not flow readily to apply artificial ones.

"Beg her with tears thy warm desires to grant,
For tears will pierce the heart of adamant.
If tears will not be squeezed, then rub your eyes
Or anoint the lids and seem, at least, to cry."

In the eighteenth century the same artifices were used. "When going to a tryst they wore on their faces the visible signs of their despair; as one wears make-up, they traced on their cheeks with gum arabic the signs of poorly dried tears." (Edmond and Jules Goncourt.)

At the outbreak of a war there is a veritable epidemic of sentimental attachments. The game is then a thousand times easier for men. With death staring them in the face, they are almost justified in striking a sentimental attitude and playing upon the woman's emotions.

The motives animating the woman are a complex of hero worship, patriotism, and hysterical exaltation produced by the general frenzy of the moment. The lad, she more or less consciously reasons, will be heroically fighting for his country, encountering untold dangers; this may be his last chance; he deserves the fullness of bliss before he dies; it is her duty to give herself completely.

That most war love-affairs and war marriages are of short duration proves that the relations are founded on pure sentimentality and not on love. Many young people in the last war paid heavy personal toll for their patriotic enthusiasm.

But war times only accentuate a normal phenomenon. There are numerous cases of compliance from pity for a man because it is thought he may have no other opportunity and must be kept from the horror of brothels.

Dame Nature, too, acts as a sentimental go-between.

On a summer's night, when moonlight silvers the waters and sweet scents fill the air, how many things have happened for which a whole lifetime has been spent in regret?

For sentimentality is not a real feeling. It is a cerebral tickling of the emotions that gives no satisfaction beyond the moment.

IX

Geese

A COLLEGE student of whom I happened to know, a rather dull-witted person, had a friend who was enjoying the favors of a girl. Arguing that if she was meat for one person she was sauce for another, he approached her on that ground. Needless to say, she repulsed him with fury.

A similar case came to my notice. A young man, jealous of his friend's success, tried to win his girl by informing her of her lover's infidelity. For destroying her illusion she detested the man who had betrayed her lover more than the man who had betrayed her love.

Companion piece to this sort of approach, with the sexes reversed, is Helena's conduct in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. When she hopes to win the love of Demetrius by revealing to him Hermia's intended flight with Lysander, all she achieves is that Demetrius tries to prevent the escape of the woman he loves.

I cited the examples of the two young men because they typify the proceedings of a fairly large number who are searching for a mistress, but, whether on account of their appearance or dullness or whatever cause, have no success, even though they are by no means fastidious in their choice.

Since their methods rarely secure them their object and scarcely present a problem, still they are a curious phenomenon and should be granted a few lines in this

book chiefly because they are an exemplification, even if extreme and absurd, of a common misconception regarding the mental attitude of women who carry on extra-marital relations. These men think that to tell a woman they know she is not innocent is enough to ripen her for their arms.

Now a woman not too old or ugly has, outside of marriage, a wide choice, and she is not going to elect the man who so coarsely assails the sensitive intimacies of her sex life. Yet the stupidity of the method resides not in the fact that the man expects readier consent from a woman of experience, but in its vulgarity. Many men, as a matter of fact, having a sense of responsibility, are fearful of the consequence of consorting with a virgin unless her social standing is low and she is paid. The knowledge that a woman is or was married or has had a love relation emboldens them.

This attitude exemplifies the one-sidedness that still exists in a conception of the sexes. Men still cannot see in women a human being their equal in love and with equal rights. That loss of innocence does not alter essential traits is a fact still to be learned by them.

The conclusion to be drawn from this masculine phenomenon is that not love nor personal inclination, but physical desire plays the main rôle in these cases. The men are not cognizant of women's difference from themselves in wanting to love the men to whom they yield and that few care for a brief adventure. Once a woman has had one lover, these men argue, she may

as well have ten. The sentence in *Faust*, "if a dozen have you, the whole city has you," typifies both the past and present masculine concept.

X

Confidence

We are apt to forget that it is natural to mate and unnatural to withhold from mating. Most of the time the mysterious primitive emotion is held down by artificial, inhibiting restraints, and often total unawareness exists of a love attraction until all at once, when the conducive occasion arises, it flares up and explodes all bonds. The inhibitions in these cases are not shattered or undermined; they are lulled to unconsciousness.

For this to happen, mutual confidence must have been established over a period of acquaintanceship, and there must be a certain compatibility between the two persons. A degree of intimacy must also have existed, in which close contact was not misconstrued as a desire for the extreme intimacy.

Situations of this sort come about between priests and ministers and women members of their flock, also between physicians and their women clients. They will have associated with each other without ulterior motive, quite oblivious in the beginning that there were other than professional bonds. Many a scandal aired in the newspapers has behind it, without doubt, psychological processes of somewhat this nature. The initial innocence of the association may be the very thing that develops the great passion which finally surpasses the individual control.

The final spark may be a touch of the skin; for the skin is veritably an erogenous zone. A woman's soft hand laid on the forehead will cool the brow but set the senses aflame. And a man's gentle graze of a woman's bare arm, even if unintentional, may break the brittle shell of reserve and produce an onrush of feelings.

In the case of doctor and patient it is still more certain than with the pastor and his congregant that the inhibitions are literally put to sleep. The physician is justified, nay, he is compelled to enter into the most intimate details of a woman's psychic and physical life. She, on her part, is obliged to bare her body and her secrets. Inhibitions are automatically set aside.

Almost inevitably a confidential atmosphere is induced; feelings grow cordial. A word, a look, a gesture may suddenly kindle the inflammable material that has been accumulating.

La garçonne, in Victor Marguerite's novel of that name, consults a doctor to find out why she is childless. Knowing she is not married yet would like a child, he is incited to a step contrary to professional honor. His case is different from the ugly, brutal conduct described in *Bad Girl*, of the physician who makes a practice of committing abortions and at the same time of attempting rape on his patients. This one, rather, falls under the class of men referred to in the previous chapter, who think a woman of experience is prepared for any erotic adventure.

Two circumstances militate favorably against the very frequent occurrence of extra-marital alliances between doctors and patients. A sufficient number of

physicians are fine enough and sensible enough to keep themselves in check, realizing the responsibility to their patients and possessing a clear vision of the consequences of misconduct. Moreover, constant dealing with female intimacies, as was shown in the chapter on *Deception*, dulls the excitability. There must be extreme intensity of charm to outweigh the indifference produced by extensity of experience.

Among laymen there is a fairly general intuitive knowledge of the wisdom of inspiring confidence before attempting to clinch the ultimate bond. Women's instinctive distrust, they realize, must first be allayed.

Some men, for instance, get women to look upon them as trustworthy moralists by giving excellent advice—be sure not to place any confidence in men, listen to me, look out for yourself, don't allow any liberties—thus creating the impression of extreme reliability and of being motivated by only the purest friendship, and correctly concluding that women will make the exception to their teachings in their case.

Indeed, it is quite natural that women should permit things from men they trust which they would refuse the men they distrust.

XI

Dollars

Was Gretchen a prostitute because she accepted a pearl necklace from Faust? Is a girl a prostitute who takes five dollars for her favors? Or a woman who receives a Rolls Royce as her due?

For our purpose we must limit the definition of prostitute to the professional sale of the body. In countries in which prostitution is regulated the distinction is, of course, sharp and unmistakable. But there the women who register themselves are in the minority as compared with those who give themselves to men for a consideration of one sort or another.

Apart from definitions, the whole concept of prostitution must and does change with mutations of the social order and with the greater or less significance of money in the economic life of a period.

"Money, because of its impersonality," says Georg Simmel in his work on the philosophy of money, "is never an adequate mediator for a relation between human beings that is meant to endure and is supposed to be based on genuineness of the binding forces, such as a true love relation, even if this relation should be broken off soon. . . . In primitive times, the totality of a human being and his inherent value were of a relatively unindividual character, while money because of its scarcity and infrequent use, was relatively individual. . . . Increasing individualization of the human

being makes it a contradictory and unworthy thing to enter into purely individual relations for other than individual causes."

In other words, money is now so plentiful, so widely, even so cheaply used that it has ceased to have an individual character. It has become a social, not a personal instrument.

Purely personal phenomena, we see from this, are affected by general economic principles, and it is conceivable that prostitution, when there is an unusual shortage in money, might assume a semblance of respectability. It did, as a matter of fact, in certain crises, notably when Europe went through the World War.

Customs and usage, besides, vary in different countries. The most a German girl accepts from a man to whom she is not engaged is flowers or sweets. An American man may spend a hundred dollars on giving a girl an evening's entertainment without thereby binding her to anything, and girls of even conservative families are the recipients of expensive gifts. Men make great sacrifices in this country without enjoying the least favors from the ladies in the case.

The phenomenon of "gold diggers," arising from this situation, is, therefore, peculiar to America. Though seldom virginal, still the gold diggers obtain a great deal for very little in return, and they know just how far to go. In other countries the soil is unfavorable to them because, as I said, the practice of giving expensive gifts and royal treats is not customary and men are more cautiously calculating.

Yet the winning of women by money is as old as mythology. Zeus came down to Danae in a shower of gold, and Ovid waxes indignant:

"I no instructions to the rich impart,
He needs not that presents my useless art,
The giving lover's handsome, valiant, wise.
His happy fortune is above advice.
I to the needy sing, the poor I love,
And wanting wealth with melting language move."

And again:

"This is the golden age, all worship gold;
Honors are purchased, love and duty sold.
Should Homer come with his harmonious train
And not present, Homer's turned out again."

Ovid cannot forgive women for selling their love—a viewpoint with a masculine bias, since in his opinion man has full right to cheat women in his own interests.

"With promised gifts her early mind bewitch,
For e'en the poor in promise may be rich."

Boccaccio tells with gusto the story of a woman who sells her favors and then is done out of the purchase price by her lover.

Nevertheless, to say that women sell their love for money is to state a mistruth. A virginal girl never, or practically never, sells her love. Even the poorest one has her dreams of a man, love, and marriage. The

reading of fairy tales, then of children's stories, and, later on, of novels creates a realm of romance in her being that is walled and secure against lures from this source.

Girls of the working-class, before they succumb to men of higher station to be paid or kept by them, have usually first been betrayed by men of their own station. Many of them, indeed, refuse at first to associate with their superiors, fearing—and rightly so in most cases—that they will not be loved. This applies rather more to Europe than to America, where women are too self-assured not to consider themselves fit for any man.

The culminating money element on the part of a woman, therefore, enters only after she has had one affair and been disillusioned. Then she weighs and considers and decides that if she is going to take up with a man, he may as well be one who has worldly advantages to offer.

Since not only marriage but even the free relationship of the sexes, private and individual as it may seem, is inextricably involved in social factors of poverty and wealth, education, environment, and the like, the conduct of a woman after the first misstep has been taken should be viewed from more than the purely personal angle. All the circumstances and conditions, both of her own life and of the country and period in which she is living, should be taken into account. It is these that will determine the further course of her life, and not any longer the acquired inhibitions of her earlier girlhood before she went through her first experience.

Consider the case of a girl sprung from a family of

poverty in these days when the newspapers and the motion pictures can leave not even the stupidest or poorest child of the slums in ignorance of the vast fortunes that exist and the luxurious living of the holders of those fortunes—when the contrast between poverty and wealth fairly stabs with its poignance.

The girl's dreams have been shattered. Her prospects of happiness and well-being due to her own efforts are zero. Life holds nothing but the prospect of hard work and joyless old age. Absent is the elevating sense of self-assurance and security that decenter and better paid work bestows. Nor is there the compensation that a spiritually drilled mind derives from joy in beauty and the ability to appreciate higher values. Luxury, clothes, comfort, the only things of worth to her, are secured by dollars, and dollars alone. No wonder she chooses a few years of impropriety as against a lifetime of wretchedness. She recks as little of the end as the safe-blower does of being caught.

Women love wealth and luxury in themselves, but not necessarily the person who possesses the wealth and ensures them the luxury. Sometimes they even detest the men that keep them. They feel defrauded; they have given their all—themselves. The man gives nothing but dollars. Their only revenge is to withhold the one thing they still possess, their hearts.

Love is not bartered. It cannot be. Bodies are sold—"was not spoken of the soul."

Numerous professional prostitutes absolutely refuse money from a man they happen to fall in love with on the first encounter, and cases are common in which

they will allow their procurers to torture them while they loathe and despise the men that pay them.

"I am of the belief," says Simmel, "that marriage for money . . . assumes a more tragic form when it is the woman who sells herself. The men who make mercenary marriages do not give so much of themselves as do women."

In this day, Ovid's fulmination against feminine veniality would scarcely apply. No man who satisfies the love instinct of a woman need complain of not finding favor with the opposite sex. On the contrary, the less he possesses in wordly goods the surer he may be of being loved. "It has been proved statistically that the degree in which a man is loved ascends as his station in life descends." (Paul Bourget.) How many wives acquired by purchase have not deceived their husbands with their former poor lovers?

"Provided that the man has mentality, an aristocratic appearance and tact, the women will never ask whence he has come, but whither he will go."

That material motives do not essentially dominate women is shown by a peculiar trait in their character which men find it difficult to understand and account for.

A rational, normally modest person with a normal sense of gratitude will appreciate a voluntary service from a friend or acquaintance and will particularly prize it if he or she happens to be in especial need of it. All sorts of singularities will be forgiven—brusqueness, inconsiderateness, discourtesy. That holds for women as well as men. But once let a woman be

wedded to a man in or out of marriage, and the attitude changes. A man may perform great favors for her, she may love him and show her love, but one day, out of thoughtlessness or forgetfulness, he will commit a sin of omission. She may forgive, but she will not forget.

Often women will scarcely pay attention to the laborious lengths to which the wooing man may go. But if one day they show some slight attention that costs neither money nor effort, the thing so hardly toiled for will drop without effort into their laps, even though they have hit upon the attention quite unpremeditatedly.

If any virtuous married men have undertaken to peruse these pages and have not already abandoned the effort, seeing in it nothing of value or interest to them, they will at this point be struck with the similarity of my example to their own conjugal experience. Innumerable times have they brought home bridge lamps, radio sets, costly *objets d'art*, only to meet with disapproval from their spouses for having spent money on something out of harmony with the furnishings. Almost a lifetime will pass before the right thing happens. The wife (and mind you, she may be highly intellectual, charming, witty) will be sitting in front of the mirror. "Oh dear," she breathes out loud, not aware that her husband is listening, for usually he doesn't pay attention to these, in his opinion, purely feminine and futile ejaculations, "Oh dear, I *can* not get a face powder to suit my complexion."

On this occasion, however, the husband's ears tune in. That very day a saleswoman for a beauty product

concern had got by his secretary and assailed him in his inner office. Among the toilet articles submitted to him for "his girl" were "powders for every complexion." The next morning the first thing on reaching his office he tells his secretary to select from the assortment he was bullied into purchasing, but had intended throwing in the wastebasket, a powder that would suit his wife's complexion.

He takes it home to her. This erstwhile drab husband of hers shines with dazzling radiance, and the light of fresh, enduring love leaps to her eyes.

So much for the feminine psychological processes with regard to gifts and money in amorous relations. Men's motives are simpler.

We may exclude from consideration, of course, the men that care so inordinately to possess the woman as to be ready to give up every penny, although should the woman not reciprocate the feeling, the relation is after all one of purchase.

The cases concerning us are those in which the men act with conscious deliberation, are moved only by the *amour physique*, and whose thought processes are something like this: "I want this woman, but I do not want to assume any responsibilities, so I will absolve myself of responsibilities, present and future, by paying her." No other form of gift, to which the giver's personality is bound to cling, will achieve the same end.

Under the class of purchase fall the cases of singers and actresses who are obliged to make their way before the public by first yielding to managers, who more or less rightly assume that these women have already had,

or will soon have, relations with men. The peculiarly abominable thing here is that on neither side is there the least inclination; it is the lowest, most bestial form of the *amour physique*. Fortunately these conditions, which used to envelop actresses in a cloud of contempt, are now improving.

Acquisition of a woman by money is not exclusively a chance form of wooing, resorted to here and there by individuals for expediency. The extent to which it prevails is conditioned by country and environment.

Italians and Spaniards, on the whole, spend little for their amours, nor do the younger generation in Central Europe. For the well-to-do Frenchman, on the other hand, the maintenance of a mistress is a social institution, while in America the purchase of mistresses is most widely spread.

As a businessman, with little leisure, no taste for emotional tumults, and a great love of peace, the American regards things of sentiment with the same eyes as matters of business, somewhat as if he were to say to the woman: "You've got what I want, I've got what you want, let's get together."

As early a writer as Stendhal remarked on the absence of sentiment in the American man. Sentimentality there is plenty—in the theater, the motion pictures, the newspapers, magazines, and novels. But for sentiment in his relations with his mistress the American has no use. That is the reason why he has the reputation abroad for being a poor lover.

XII

Free!

Extreme freedom among the sexes is by no means an unknown phenomenon in history. No book giving a detailed account of private and public life during the Roman Empire could pass the censor even in our age of violent reaction against puritanism. The Renaissance brought along with the enlightenment of classical learning a looseness in sex life reminiscent of the worst decadent periods of ancient Greece and Rome.

Charles II's saying that every woman has her price is but a reflection of the sex morality of his age. And in the time of Louis XV monogamy, in the true sense, was a myth. Among the upper classes, as we have seen, women were ready to give themselves to almost any men; the husband who thought of objecting to his wife's being the mistress of several men was regarded as a downright crank, and was a rare occurrence. The eighteenth century was the period of Casanova and of Rousseau's *Confessions*. To find a country girl who was actually chaste was enough to throw Rousseau into a veritable paroxysm of joy. In the city such a thing was unheard of.

Individuals, many of them, have their periods in which they sow their wild oats. That period over, they normally settle down to a quiet life. Humanity at large also has its periods of wild-oats-sowing, differing, however, from the individual's in that it never settles

down to permanent respectability. Ever and anon it kicks over the traces. After an interval of puritanism follows a period of ebullient unrestraint.

The reaction against too excessive a dose of purity or of license is often hastened by some extraordinary release of energy in the social body, whether intellectual or physical. A great ferment of ideas or a marked social upheaval is usually accompanied and succeeded by the loosening of the sexual code. The Renaissance is an example of an intellectual upheaval producing a breakdown of the accepted standards of sex life, and the World War typifies the physical revulsions in the wake of which sex laxity follows with the inevitability of a natural law.

But though history shows this continuous swinging of the pendulum from extreme rigor to extreme license, a basic principle upon which sexual living might be founded had never been pondered. The flesh was weak—that was all. Men and women lapsed from the path of righteousness, they "sinned". Conscious of "sinning," they were visited by qualms of conscience, though usually late in life after sin had lost its lure. Casanova begins his *Memoirs* with a fervid profession of faith in that divine order of things against which he kept continually transgressing—in all sincerity, doubtless. And his contemporaries probably could have read his pious declarations and remained unconscious of their inherent contradiction. The weakness of the flesh was all-sufficient explanation.

With the growth of the scientific spirit and especially the spread of the evolutionary idea in the second half

of the nineteenth century, all traditional beliefs that could not stand the test of science went by the board. Religion was shaken to its foundations by the fierce and well-aimed attacks of the leaders of scientific thought. Yet, strangely enough, amid all the raging conflict, the old ethical and sex structures were left almost untouched. The ten commandments, every one of them, stood as solid as a rock. The men of science of the Victorian era were as good Victorians as any. Even to their strictly logical minds it hardly seems to have occurred that ethical conduct could be other and better than that founded upon the basis of the old beliefs, which they had been so zealous in shattering.

It is only in this, our own age, that the problem of sex has been boldly attacked and subjected to impartial scrutiny. Science, daring to question the rightness or wrongness of inherited notions in this field, as it had done before in fields not so intimately connected with the private life, has now made search here, too, for basic laws and controlling factors, and one of the new principles of the sexes that has been evolved is the radical, revolutionary doctrine of free love, founded on the conviction that men and women have and should have equal rights in love. It is the erotic counterpart of women's economic and political equality.

The political emancipation of the women in the Roman Empire merely freed them of the rigors of patriarchy and gave them control of their own property, but no voice in the government. In fact, women's power in politics hitherto has been in inverse ratio to their legal status. For instance, their influence under

Caesar and the Emperors was very great, and we know how unfortunate was their effect upon France's internal and foreign policy under Louis XV.

Among those found in the forefront of the fighters for sex equality are the so-called radicals, by which, as a rule, is implied Socialists, Anarchists, and Communists. It is natural that it should be so. Going to the root of all things, as is expressed in the very derivation of the word radical, taking a critical attitude toward everything in the old order, advocating a complete change of established customs in the economic and political worlds, they would inevitably assail the prevailing standards of sex life, to which more prejudice may be said to cling than to almost anything else.

It must be said, however, that in the main earnest, devoted and truly intellectual Socialists, Anarchists and Communists fashion their personal lives according to their environment and their epoch in respect of sex. None of the great founders of these movements were free lovers. Marx, Engels, Hyndman, Bebel, Lafargue were as good, respectable, moral husbands as Huxley, Tyndall and Gladstone. Nor do they seem to have been exercised by the question of sex to a larger extent than their famous Victorian contemporaries who longed for no radical change in the social order.

Even in Russia, where the puritan tradition never took such deep root as in Western Europe and America, the revolutionary Socialists of the latter half of the nineteenth century gave themselves up so completely to the cause that they had no leisure for any sort of social or personal life, certainly not for amorous adven-

ture. All the poetic refinements that accompany love, the delicacies, the beauties, the tendernesses, might have weakened them for the life of bitter struggle they had chosen.

Had Lassalle dealt with Hélène von Deniges like a modern free lover, he would have been the richer by a pleasant experience and would not have lost his life in a duel. He wanted to win the adored woman from her parents and marry her like any simple bourgeois. She never forgave him for sending her back to her parents untouched, when she came to stay with him.

Coming down to our own day, we know that the Socialist, George Bernard Shaw, despite his fearlessness in attacking all subjects including sex prejudice, is a model husband, unassailable in his personal life from the most orthodox point of view. Even the Russian Bolshevists, for all the silly newspaper stories about the confiscation of women, observe on the whole a strict sex ethics, as exemplified in the lives of Lenin and Trotzky.

At the opposite extreme are the loose thinkers, for whom the chief attraction of radicalism lies in the very opportunities it seems to offer for self-indulgence. They are, so to speak, merely the profiteers of radicalism, fishing for their own pleasure in the most favorable waters.

A would-be modernistic flapper, the less she understands the full significance and implications of free love, the more energetically will she espouse the notion. And certainly among the men the radical poseurs, to whom society is a hunting ground for women, will

encourage the flapper in liberal views of sex with all the deep tones of intellectual conviction. "Freedom and equality for women—all women, of course, except one's own sisters. Away with prejudice. Down with the glorification of feminine virtue and innocence. For human beings to develop fully they must experience fully. Back to nature, let us have natural selection. Abandon marriage for unrestrained love with no responsibilities attached. Remove all suppressions that hinder free enjoyment. Give yourself up to your instincts without thought or care."

Modern thinking is not called into question here or subjected to criticism by me. I merely deny that the above is thinking. It is certainly not the result of a truly intellectual process.

No profound thinker sets up the same standards of conduct for every individual in society. The endeavor to fit each person into a Procrustean bed is a mistake that society as a whole is constantly making—moderns when they espouse the doctrine of free love for one and all, Fundamentalists when they deny the right of divorce.

Usually in the discussion of women's political, economic and erotic equality with men this point is overlooked and others less pertinent to the question are brought up and considered—whether, for instance, woman is man's intellectual inferior, superior, or equal —a moot problem that will never be proved. History tells of many famous women who in spite of the handicap of their sex in their age towered high above the masculine average. The one thing that may be stated

with certitude is what Steinach proved, that there are sex differences, that men and women think and feel differently.

Over and beyond this, even if women have equality and even if it had been demonstrated that the female is superior to the male, nevertheless there would be no way of determining whether it is in the interest of society for women to have the same rights in their love lives as men.

What society, pseudo-radicals as well as the rest, must come to realize is that there never were two human beings exactly alike, and the attempt must be abandoned to shape each individual on the same last.

Free love may round out the life of an Isadora Duncan, while it may rob the average young girl of every possibility of genuine love and devotion. There are some otherwise excellent women who are unfit for marriage and motherhood. Similarly there are men who make poor husbands and fathers. Some women think only monogamously; others look upon all men as belonging to them. There are one-woman men, and there are Casanovas who count their amorous experiences by the hundreds.

We may pronounce judgment as to which type is more favorable to development, and regard one case, individually speaking, as more moral than another. Social morals, however, are not implicated. For one thing, social ethics are not fixed. As has been indicated in other connections, they change with age and country. For another thing, the social morality or immorality of personal conduct has nothing to do with its aspect,

beautiful or ugly, but depends upon the extent to which it adds to or detracts from the sum of human happiness.

The men who preach to women upon the necessity of "full experience" take no thought of free love as a humanitarian doctrine to be applied in practice only to only to those who are adapted to it: they hide behind a principle—not for liberty, but for libertinism. They are provided with a high-sounding excuse for overcoming feminine resistances to amorous relations with them. No better instrument for their purpose could they have than to impress upon women that to be modern they *must* have a love affair—and preferably with them. Will it not free the girl of all ancient, outworn prejudices? Will it not put her in the forefront of battlers for women's equality? Is not free love the loftiest form of love?

The willing victims succumb—little flappers whose heads teem with a swarm of misunderstood phrases, wives with old-fashioned husbands.

Truly modern intelligent women, even such as espouse the principle of free love and practice it, too, do not fall into the trap. The bait smells of design. They select their mates for themselves.

The ultra-modern method of approach of the pseudo-radical, which has been adopted in all Occidental countries, finds its fullest flower in the United States, where woman's position is freer and her self-consciousness more pronounced than in other countries. Inclined to believe that she is wiser than men, it is simple to persuade her that the best proof of her superiority and

progress would be to rise above all social prejudices.

Comic as are some of the manifestations of pseudo-radicalism in love, still it is a product of mental processes, an amalgam of logic, sophistry and half-knowledge with sensuality. In the last analysis it is a typical form of the *amour physique*.

It is the most unnatural, or, let us say, the specifically human form of approach. The beasts resort to force and tricks, but to human beings alone, and so-called modern, enlightened human beings at that, is it reserved to prove to the female of the species that her sole hope of salvation resides in an amorous relation with a particular male.

One man I know uses no other form of approach to women. Salter has studied much and might pass for a person of culture. He is below medium height, and his appearance is neither preëminently attractive nor the reverse. He lays great stress on being considered a man of honor, though possessing none of the traits that would justify the claim. He is a spendthrift of his money, but a greater spendthrift of his eroticism.

He calls himself an Anarchist, and affects Socialism, not realizing in his jumble of knowledge that Anarchism and Socialism are at opposite poles and that the theoretic Anarchist is and must be a lofty person, because he deems himself competent to live without laws, carrying the law within himself. He must control himself completely, and must never assail another one's liberty, each person being allowed free development in his sphere.

In no sense, ethically or otherwise, is Salter qual-

ified to be either a Socialist or an Anarchist. His economic views are ninety-five per cent in accord with the prevailing social order. In every respect, even to shady tricks in business, he follows the usages of the capitalistic regime, which he professes in theory to despise.

You might suppose that he decided to reserve his radicalism for sex matters, and there to let it play with full force—no checks there, no compromise. Since, according to his views, women should be economically independent, it is only with difficulty that he can persuade himself to violate his principles and support his wife and children.

Sexual questions, playing as they do a tremendous conversational rôle, especially *à deux*, it is easy and not conspicuous for him to bring the talk round without delay to the time-worn yet ever-interesting theme, a thing he invariably does when he meets a woman he likes, or, if she does not attract him, then on principle.

One quarry of Salter's was a widow or divorcée of about thirty, handsome of figure, with lovely light hair and still lovelier blue eyes. Though an experienced business woman, she was unprepared for his erotic game; she was innocent of philosophizing about free love, women's rights, radicalism, or any modernistic tendencies.

When she entered our circle she was instantly recognized and leapt upon as proper prey.

"How nice for you," he began, having snatched the earliest possible moment to sit by her side, "that you

have your own work. It makes you independent. You can be your own master."

As a matter of fact, the lovely blonde would have far preferred to independence and self-mastery a man who would look out for her and relieve her of the struggle for existence. But if so cultivated a person says such a thing, there must be something to it.

"Only people who are economically free," he continued logically with his dissertation, "can be free in all respects. None but the economically independent woman can be free in her love, and to be free in love nowadays is the only fit way for human beings to love because it is the only natural way."

Salter is an enthusiastic partisan of the woman movement, a champion of women's rights, especially their right to natural selection. Women should enjoy the same privileges as men, the same liberties in sex matters. Neither sex should have restraints imposed upon it. Laws are made by man against nature, whereas nature has imposed no restraints beyond those that lie within our own beings. The only possibility of the development of the race lies in free, unhampered choice. The spirit of the ultra-modern reveals itself in this very throwing off of the shackles of the centuries so as to be able to step more quickly and with assurance and firm will into a remodeled future. Freedom is so essential because women must not suffer from the consequences of a wrong choice.

The base duplicity of such arguing reveals itself the instant one considers the sort of union it produces.

It does not bring together two people who, attracted to each other by mutual liking, at least instinctively desire progeny. A union is formed which from the very start bears in it the germ of early rupture and can maintain its brief existence only by the very prevention of offspring. So far from helping toward the development of the race and toward a remodeled future, it would kill off the race and cut off the future. No children would be born.

"Is it sensible, I ask you," Salter went on, "for a woman or a mere girl to be bound to a man a whole lifetime simply because a human law has tied them together? Are they always to drag the chains around with them to their own harm and the harm of their children? The best way to fight such old-fogeyism is to overthrow the two pillars that prop it up, chastity and fidelity."

Infidelity is part of Salter's creed, as fidelity usually is of other people's.

He was successful with the lovely blonde. He is frequently successful.

It is not only the unsophisticated or girls unacquainted with modern thinking that fall promptly before the assault of the pseudo-radical. The types that like to be somebodies are also ensnared; and the women who think themselves cleverer than they really are and hold out their modernity as proof of their intelligence; also the wives of good but simple husbands, who seek and find in the radical tirade the excuse for what they would have done at any rate; and, finally, the romantically disposed maidens, who admire

the courage of these men, as if in our day they would be burnt at the stake for their views like heretics of yore. The pseudo-radical naturally also succeeds with his feminine counterpart, who like him uses radicalism as a cloak for licentiousness. In that case, however, no deception is practised; the two understand each other.

The desire to be in the mode, whether in attire or thought, has always characterized people. In this age to be intellectually fashionable is to be "radical." It is chic to espouse views that will shock one's old-fashioned, bourgeois parents. To have the same ideas as were had twenty years ago is like wearing last season's ensemble.

Inexperience and innocence no longer win medals. They mark you for the back seat. Many girls, therefore, so as not to raise laughter against themselves, assume an air of omniscience concerning sex questions.

Salter is absolutely logical in his procedure. He knows how to prepare his women so thoroughly that it never occurs to them to expect a lasting union with him. He would be ready in that event to prove that such sentimentality contradicts the very essence of modernism.

If the pseudo-radical goes about his mock wooing differently from Salter, by first making the girl fall in love with him and then trying to foist sex modernism upon her, he bungles badly. The girl will escape him, wounded to be sure, but she will flee. The sophistries, conditions and reservations he offers in place of love will scare his game away. To a woman in love no ultra-

fashionable garb of ratiocination will cloak lack of heart and avowed infidelity.

A well-to-do young man of whom I heard courted a girl with every means at his disposal. He took her to the theater, gave her gifts, arranged automobile excursions for her to interesting places, in short, played the part of the truly enamoured swain. No wonder that at first the girl's interest was aroused, and that then her love was engaged. When he saw that she had caught fire, he deemed the ground prepared, and then, like Salter, began to speak of radicalism, modernism, and free love.

He thought her feeling for him was so ardent that by degrees an uncontrollable passion would be released, and that if he educated her in radical ideas her considerations for withholding, her reserves and inhibitions, would tumble to pieces.

He was a poor reader of the feminine psyche. To her it was as though instead of a romantic love avowal she had been tendered a prosaic business proposition.

Now, had he been a poor fellow, his method might have worked, since women prefer poor men for lovers rather than husbands. There might have been the excuse for him that out of consideration for her future he would not dare to propose marriage, with its possibilities of sordid material worries.

In the case of our wealthy young man, however, she might well ask herself why he should not marry her, since there were no social or financial obstacles, and she was forced to the one and the true deduction, that he did not care for her herself, but only for the fleeting gratification of physical possession.

XIII

Mock Love

Love is at once a precise and an indefinite term. The word will arouse a fairly concrete concept in the mind; yet with each individual the concept will vary; my concept will be different from yours, yours will be different from your brother's or your aunt's. And so will the feeling itself. Though the emotion swaying one person will have broad similarities with those of another, there are bound to be differences, more or less subtle.

A volatile young man, hot-blooded, excitable, eager for new stimuli, intense though his feelings of the moment may be, certainly harbors a love of a different aspect from that of an older, graver man who has come to see in the woman an ideal to be fought for and prove oneself worthy of. The love the troubadours sang was a sweeter, loftier thing than the amours of the eighteenth century, no matter in what elevated verbiage the writers of the day clothed them.

Similarly the term mock love has ragged edges to its meaning that leave us uncertain where it begins and true love ends.

At the one extreme there can be no doubt concerning the nature of the masculine impulses. We know how to classify adventurers, swindlers, misers, men who are willing to catch women by any sort of deceptive bait.

At the other end are the border cases touching the

romance land of true love, in which men approach women with honest intentions, intimacies develop, and then marriage does not come off, not from lack of initial sincerity, but from the realization, developed in the course of companionship, that she and he were not truly mated.

Let us confine ourselves, therefore, to the middle cases, those in which men without genuine emotions, but also without material motives, play the real lover and try to arouse deep love in the women.

Though all men, except the most brutish, desire a certain response from women, those who use the methods of force and deception and sentimentality, you will recall, are not concerned with the woman's sentiments. Possession is their sole desire. Sentiment, in fact, with its implications of responsibility, is an unwelcome intruder. In the pseudo-lover, however, the very awakening of responsive feelings from the woman is the main motive.

The accommodating feminine trait for him is the joy all women take in being loved, though, to be sure, the special function of women is to bestow love, as nature has intended them primarily to be the mothers of the race, and the sex's highest, dominant desire is to be able to love. Still vast numbers of women gloat in being the recipients of love, especially the type of woman with none too ardent a temperament, who consciously or unconsciously harbors a desire for mastery and derives a profound satisfaction from the consciousness of leading a man in chains and being the only woman, yea, the only person in the world, for him.

Undoubtedly this trait is akin to the male sense of ego.

In extreme types, the purely sexual moment possibly involves little emotion on the part of these women. The inexperienced observer would take them to be cold. Yet their lives are richer in experience than those of many a woman we call coquette. For the coquette, while withholding herself and her feelings, desires above all things to attract men. Her sense of ego rises in proportion to the number of men she harnesses to her triumphal coach. Were she actually to yield she might, she knows, lose both her reputation and her power over the male.

One of the letters that Madame de Merteuil writes to the Vicomte de Valmont accurately analyzes the woman who wants all the advantages of a sex alliance with a man without the attending discomforts and discomfitures. Knowing that she loses control over her own destiny if she puts herself into a man's hands, also that she gains in reputation by denying herself, she nevertheless takes on a lover, but by a *coup* ruins him socially, thereby robbing him of the possibility of exploiting his conquest of her, very like the French queen who took young men for lovers only to have them killed after the first night and their bodies thrown into the Seine.

Another characteristic in women which helps the pseudo-lover is their sense of flattery when a man known for his success with women pays them court. The literature of the eighteenth century repeatedly tells of society ladies who, with open eyes, took as their paramours men of countless liaisons. Many of the ladies

were among the intellectuals of the day, amiable, witty, courted. Could they suppose that such men would reform? Probably they persuaded themselves into the rôle of redeemer as an excuse for entering into and continuing amorous relations.

On the whole women incline to the practice of trying to make men over. How far they go in self-deception in this regard is illustrated by the letters of the wife of the President de Tourvel to Madame de Volanges. Valmont represents himself as a penitent sinner. Madame de Tourvel believes him and prays for him. As he himself remarks, her prayers unconsciously provide her with justification for bearing him always in her mind.

The mock lover, from the very nature of his methods and desires, is necessarily a person of education and intelligence, and there is not a woman in the world, young or old, who would not be flattered by the courtship of such a man. Even women past the years when they regard themselves as desirable sex agents, or women who are too rational for any illusions and have no intention of yielding, would derive a certain satisfaction from his attentions. The mere idea of being valued and desired is agreeable.

At the basis of the conduct of men in whose lives women play a main part is not so much sensuality as the stimulation and augmentation of the ego. Certainly in men past forty sensuality is not the chief factor, nor in those young men whose erotic psychology resembles that of middle-aged men as the result of their having

been the premature victims of older women, "cradle-snatchers," "vampires."

It is excitement that the mock lover seeks, tension, dangerous situations that make the heart beat. The true lover derives sufficient satisfaction from the mere presence of his beloved and from conversing with her. After numberless affairs the mere indulgence of the body ceases to excite. Sometimes the endeavor to escape from its commonplaceness leads to extreme perversities.

One of Pierre Louÿs' characters, Demetrius, the night before his rendezvous with Chrysis, dreams that he holds her in his embrace. Fearing that reality will mar the beauty of his shining dream, he repulses her.

The world commonly errs in the appraisal of the situation created by the pseudo-lover, who usually escapes censure because it is customary to consider that a woman has not been seduced until she has been completely possessed. Society does not frown at his having converted the woman into an abject slave, though the completely possessed woman, after she has been abandoned, may be better off in the memory of the hours of satisfying union. That may be some compensation for disillusionment and loss.

All the varietist lovers of history, notably Casanova and Richelieu, were cherished warmly in the affections of the women they possessed and deserted. Some of their former mistresses, even after marriage, were willing to return to them. There are scarcely any instances known of women being hostile to the Casanova type.

Kierkegaard in his *Seducer's Diary* tells of a man

of great intellect who sets to work to conquer an intelligent young girl by a scientifico-psychologic method. He encourages her to become engaged to an insignificant young man in love with her for the purpose of displaying by contrast his own superior capacities and the young man's inferiorities. He brings her to the point of breaking off with the young man, engaging herself to him, and then breaking this engagement. Finally, however, he makes a rendezvous with her, in which she goes over to him completely. But the next day he leaves her.

Though the construction and development of the situation is exceedingly interesting, yet a false note runs through the whole, expressing itself clearly at the conclusion in the sentence, "A pity for such a night to have an end." That, in the circumstances, is not true to life.

The Goncourts relate that in France in the eighteenth century there were many men so blasé that they did not care to possess women but only to see them supine, ready to be their prey.

"Love had to become a matter of tactics, passion an art, tenderness a snare, desire itself a mask, so that the remnant of conscience left in the heart in those days and the bit of genuineness in love should be stifled by the mockery of parody.

"What great diplomats and politicians there were in this limited group of men who made the seduction of a woman the object of all their thoughts, the great event in their lives. What studies, what scientific premeditation, what a combination of the novelist's and

the strategist's manoeuvres! No attack was made upon a woman without a preliminary plan, without nights spent previously in considering the situation this way and that, as a writer weaves the threads of his plots."

From present-day life I will cite two instances.

A young married man nine years ago made the acquaintance of a girl then aged twenty, and the two were drawn to each other by a mutual attraction. In lieu of meetings, which were difficult in the circumstances, they corresponded. After a time the man declared his love and agreed to divorce his wife. His letters became more ardent; he wrote enthusiastically of the time when they would be united, but at the same time mentioned the difficulties of divorce. When on trips he would write her how glorious it would be if she could accompany him. He described a small house that he saw, exclaiming how delightful if they could live in it together. He even furnished it in his mind's eye. But the obstacles to the divorce were always increasing. Never did he express the wish to possess her before he was free.

The girl is worn out and embittered. She will not give up the man who she thinks loves her but whom she is unable to win. When she hints that he is doing nothing about securing a divorce, he replies with fresh asseverations of love.

The other instance is a similar one of a young man and a middle-aged well-to-do woman, well-preserved and handsome. She has many chances to marry, but each time it seems she may slip from him, he brings her back with declarations of his love, though never

mentioning marriage nor even union without marriage.

The only explanation of this sort of man is that he is satiated and not interested in possession. He may doubt his ability to come up to the woman's expectations. Sufficient for him is the knowledge that she belongs to him spiritually, especially as he can secure physical gratification from other sources.

It is a cruel game such men play with the life of a woman. She gives them nothing, they argue, so they owe her nothing. And the very nature of the method is such that it can be practised only upon the more sensitive. A protracted affair of this sort cannot be carried on unless intellectual interests in common are combined with the mutual attraction.

The peculiar phenomenon of women willing to maintain intimacy with a man for a great length of time on a spiritual plane while always hoping for fulfilment, is to be explained by the specific character of feminine sexual feelings as developed in a previous chapter in this book on the male motive, in which I speak of contrectation.

The very women who are drawn to men of mental attainments are themselves of high mental development. They always seek the acquaintance of interesting men. They do not require a pronounced sexual moment, which is usually observable in men, though, of course, association naturally often leads to a sexual emphasis, which usually, however, emanates from the man. It depends upon him and opportunity whether the relation shall exceed mere acquaintance and be-

come friendship or love and whether love will be tasted to the full.

Robert Müller in his *Sexual Biology* after explaining, as above, about the strong development of the contrectation impulse in cultivated women and the form this takes in the desire for spiritual association, goes on to say: "In the woman, despite her yearning to be embraced, the desire for mating with the man she loves may be totally lacking." But whether a woman is passionate or not, she is always tender. And tenderness alone may satisfy her. She will press the man to her as she would her child. What if he is busy? Love is more important, the need to shower tenderness is more urgent.

In the male tenderness is only a step leading to desire. When he takes a woman in his arms, he instantly craves her passionately. And often he does not understand that when she flings her arms around his neck, she asks for nothing more than this display of affection. But to him her embrace is a call for specific masculine passionate demonstrativeness, and if the tender gesture occurs when his thoughts are elsewhere or he is occupied, it angers him. At an appropriate time his senses would be aroused, but at this particular moment he is not attuned for passion, and he is annoyed within the depths of his being by an unconscious sense of shame at not being able to play up to his man's part.

Bölsche in his interesting work *Love in Nature* maintains that shame and anger are allied. Blushing with shame is the outward expression that the other person's proximity is not desired. For example, women

are willing to appear before men in evening gowns that reveal rather than conceal their bodies, yet if they are caught in pyjamas they blush. The formal garment does not suggest intimacy; the other, though completely covering the body, does.

At the beginning of this chapter I touched upon the fact that there are shadings-off from mock love to true love, which blur definite boundaries between the two, and make distinctions difficult. If he were to accept a very common concept of love, that it is synonymous with desire, there would be no reason for this book.

The reader must come to an agreement with me, before we can determine how to discriminate between false love and true; he must agree not to quibble over definitions. In his heart he knows what real love is, the spontaneous, sincere inclination, the longing for the companionship of the loved one, a will for self-sacrifice, a something more than the satisfaction of desire, which can be accomplished by a woman who is not beloved, something so distinct from mere desire that the one who has been in love needs no definition, he knows by experience, and knowledge from experience is superior to definition.

Bystanders, of course, who may happen to witness the progress of a relation between a man and a woman can readily detect the false lover.

A few years ago a wide circle of exceedingly cultivated people connected with a university and active in social movements were profoundly agitated over the tragic blindness of the finest one of them, a woman

past forty, who on account of the great love she had borne her father had remained unmarried.

At the time of the incident I am about to relate he had been dead only a year, and her outlook on the world was still naïve as a child's. A comparatively unknown scholar from another city was called to the university and joined her circle. She helped Professor A—— with his writings, giving them esthetic form and literary style. A couple of years passed in which not a day went by in which they did not see each other, poring over his manuscripts or reading his proof.

Her close friends attempted to warn her—not because the professor had an evil reputation, but because to them his insincerity was obvious. Though he surely had a certain admiration and respect and possibly even affection for her, his ruling motives were obviously ambition and vanity. She had won a name for herself as both an intellectual and a humanitarian, she was of higher social standing than he, she introduced him to eminent persons he would not otherwise have met, she would assist him to some renown by the application of her splendid mind to his work. Her friends saw that he was gloating over having awakened love in so superior a person; he literally basked in the sunny warmth in which her affectionate, self-sacrificing nature enveloped him.

At the end of the two years Professor A—— sailed for Europe to be gone for a few months' research work. She was at the pier to see him off, and shed tears. She was at the pier to welcome him back. He stepped down

the gang-plank—with a woman on his arm—his newly wedded wife.

Dear reader, without definitions, you know as well as I that a true lover does not calculate what he can get out of a woman. He is more concerned with her welfare and happiness than his own; he would not for the world have any misfortune befall her through him; he tries to shield her against any ill wind that blows.

Yet women, much as they like the protective quality in men, do not invariably demand it, especially not when their passion is aroused, at which time they perhaps unconsciously expect that the tumultuous rush of male ardor will carry the men beyond all questions of consideration.

Professor A—— was not a sedulous pursuer of the other sex. He had his occupation and career. That made his conduct the more deceptive because an earmark of the woman chaser usually is idleness. Ovid advised men to set aside work when in the service of women. In South America a rendezvous with a woman is accepted as an excuse to absent oneself from the most important business.

The genuine lover takes pleasure in discussing his life problems and initiating into his interests the woman who is to be his comrade and from whom he will have no secrets. Most pseudo-lovers, on the other hand, talk of nothing but love. The letters that were exchanged between the sexes in the eighteenth century reveal the tremendous part love played as a subject of conversation, while the book, *Les liaisons dangéreuses.*

which was written in the form of letters, has but the one theme. One marvels at how many different ways the same thing can be repeated a hundredfold.

"You know," says the Vicomte de Valmont, "that when a woman is willing to speak about love, she ends by loving, or, at least, behaving as if she loved."

For the pseudo-lover to introduce other subjects of conversation than love would be for him to divert himself from his own plans. Though he is intelligent and educated, he lets his wit play about the one topic. Persons in love, moreover, cannot hear too much about love. Convinced of their own feelings, they do not speak of them, but demand constant asseverations. "Tell me," is their oft-repeated cry, "do you love me?" A question they need scarcely put to a true lover, who is so enslaved by his passion that he cannot conceal it.

It scarcely lies within the power of the common run of men to assume the rôle of false lover, which calls for entertaining qualities as a conversationalist and the art of arousing women's inclination. The first step is beyond them—to awaken interest through conversation and give the impression of having something to offer.

The pseudo-lover, therefore, dangles a distinctive bait, and if he intimates that the woman is likely to lose all this elevated enjoyment unless she bestows something in return, one can see why she would enter into a relation which she thinks may last even though she is not quite sure. Occasionally men will come straight out with this argument of give and take, and the women, placing a high value on what they receive,

think there is justice in it and are willing to pay the price.

Contrary as is the conduct of these men to our customary code of morals, still one can scarcely say that it conflicts with our esthetic sense and our feeling for justice as long as no crass indecency is committed.

The devices these men resort to for attracting the woman's attention are many. They may assume a shy manner of gentleness and extreme courtesy and refinement; at the other extreme they may attempt personal contact, such as kissing the hand or touching the foot under the table; they may flatter; they may make misunderstood married women think they understand them.

The method of assumed shyness is both unsafe for the man and not so certain of success. A retiring man, unless he is handsome or has been heralded by friends, is not likely to capture a woman's attention. And should he gain his object, the ultimate disentangling from the relationship would be difficult.

The cruder and more energetic method of personal contact is surer and more decisive one way or the other. Both men and women truly in love desire to touch the object of their love. But they are timid, undecided, nervous, their hands tremble, they make a gesture and withdraw. The man often does not dare to come close to the woman. He fears being over-hasty and offending her and being repulsed. If he tries to touch her foot under the table, his heart beats audibly; and if she withdraws her foot, he anxiously reads her eyes to see if she is angry at him.

The false lover goes about the attempt with assurance—no quailing even if the foot is withdrawn. He continues. He has nothing to lose, only something to gain.

The obverse of the same thing is, that though some pseudo-lovers may be timid about personal contact, the true lover absolutely never resorts to physical audacities. The sort of impudent assault described by Victor Marguerite in *La garçonne* is unthinkable in connection with genuine love. Only a hardened sinner who knows his woman would attempt it, and only a morally and mentally inferior woman would permit it.

A subtler and, one may almost say, worthier method is the kissing and the pressing of the hand. In some European countries, we know, when a man meets or takes leave of a lady in a house, he kisses her hand as a matter of etiquette—etiquette having as one of its purposes, be it understood, keeping people apart. The formality is a mere grazing of the fingers or the back of her hand with his lips. With a harder pressure or a kiss implanted on the palm of the hand or above the wrist, etiquette ends and courting begins. With Americans contact of masculine lips with any part of the hand or arm intimates more than mere courtesy.

When he kisses a woman's hand the man knows what he wants, and if the two are not yet clear about their relation, the act is a distinct interrogation as to whether a continuance of his courting is desired.

As for the pressure of the hand, it can be extraordinarily eloquent. A stolen squeeze is more forthright

than words, which may be rehearsed beforehand and spoken by rote.

The method of flattery, which caters to the other person's ego, must not, of course, be carried out too crudely. Blunt flattery will not avail with an intelligent woman; she will dislike it not because it is flattery, but because it is blunt. But let it be ever so delicately hinted, and she will enjoy it. She believes that the man means his praise of her because he esteems her, and he esteems her because he loves her.

The misunderstood woman is a product of our age, when home occupations are not enough to keep wives of the middle and upper classes busy, and they use their leisure for mental diversions as well as for mere pleasure-seeking. While the husbands are down town grimly pursuing dollars, to the exclusion of every interest but the newspaper and Sunday golf, their wives are attending lectures or committee meetings of various societies, philanthropic, art, musical, or literary. They have no time or energy left to enter into their wives' interests. However, the complaint of the women that their husbands do not understand them is only a way of intimating that they have fallen out of love with them.

There is no difficulty, during an occasional hour or two in a woman's company, in displaying understanding of her; thus the pseudo-lover finds the women with this kind of grievance an easy catch, and mismating of this sort between husbands and wives the happiest hunting ground. Prey is abundant, responsibilities few.

As in the case of flattery, the woman feels that the man's apparent knowledge of her is a sign that he honors and therefore loves her. Ovid advised men never to contradict the women they want. The pseudo-lover's special art is telling women what they wish to hear.

At the same time he is obliged to blow his own trumpet, too, so that the woman will be sure to discern and properly estimate his points. Strange to say, boasting of his former conquests, which is the method he uses for this end, raises his value in the feminine eye. One would suppose that women would take alarm, fearing that the much-admired man would in turn publish his exploits with her.

However, the cleverer pseudo-lovers are too sure of their power over women to have to be garrulous. They are taciturn about their affairs, and never commit the vulgarity of revealing the identity of the women that have shown them favors.

XIV

Don Juan

Who was Don Juan? Was there ever a real person by that name? What was his true character? Was he, as some of the poets sang about him, the hero of many loves, or was he, according to others, a vile sinner who mowed feminine lives down ruthlessly?

Mozart's Don Giovanni was a bold, unscrupulous seducer who defied God and the Devil and ended by being committed to hell. Molière's delineation is similar, with the additional traits of hypocrisy and ambition, the lusting ambition of the conqueror who hastens from victory to victory in uncontrolled greed for power, like Alexander wishing for more worlds to conquer. Merimée's and Gautier's gentlemen grow to old age and repentance of their sins. Hans Werner's Don Juan is reformed by the commandant whom he killed, while in Zorilla's work the reform is due to a woman. According to Alexandre Dumas both the seducer and his victim must go to hell, though one is forgiven for the sake of the other. Pushkin's hero also is damned, but not eternally, as there is a hint at the end that the woman will intercede as Gretchen intercedes in *Faust*. In the *Mystères de Nôtre Dame* the man enters a monastery and his partner a convent to atone for their sins.

Byron's Don Juan is unique. Not much astuteness is required to recognize who was the model for the hand-

some, bold, even chivalrous man whom women love without effort on his part. Byron, we know, was only describing himself when he wrote:

> "His manner was perhaps the more seductive
> because he never seemed anxious to seduce.
> Nothing affected, studied or constructive
> of coxcombry or conquest: no abuse
> of his attractions marred the fair perspective.
> To indicate a cupidon broke loose,
> And seemed to say: 'Resist us if you can,'
> Which makes a dandy, while it spoils a man."

Musset's similar idealization provoked a fellow-Frenchman, Deschanel, to say: "Clearly a false conception, as it is an attempt to represent unbridled passion, lust, debauchery as beauty and greatness."

A. T'Serstevens describes two Don Juans. The first one revels to satiety in love and seduction. Since he refuses to reform he must go to hell. The angels, however, decide to send him back to earth under another name to expiate by experiencing disgust of his crimes. He will encounter divine love and be led to redemption. So he returns, a different Don Juan, the one who craves not the gratification of the senses but the augmentation of the ego. His seduction of Donna Laura de Salazar fills him with repugnance of himself. Finally he realizes the senselessness of his deeds and ends his life in a monastery.

These widely divergent conceptions of the son of an illustrious family of Seville, by name Don Juan

Tenorio, who lived in the fourteenth century and killed the commandant Ulloa after having seduced his daughter, show that the myth-making instinct in human beings wove the impenetrable web of legend about this character.

"The Don Juan myth," says one writer, "which sprang up under the ardent southern sun, corresponds in the Titanic quality of the figure and in its basic idea, rooted deep in medieval concepts, to the Faust saga of the north, or, rather, it supplements the northern character. Faust represents the sacrilege of attempting to seek for knowledge beyond the bournes divinely appointed for mortal mind, and the fearful punishment that results. Don Juan shows how unrestrained indulgence in mundane sensual pleasures leads to the same end."

The Don Juan of literature is usually an imaginary character, not based on an actual person who lived and by whom we could test the verity of the portrait. Sainte Beuve said that the poets all created their books on Don Juan from their fancy only.

There is no justification, for instance, in assuming that the Vicomte de Valmont in *Les liaisons dangéreuses* really lived and walked the earth. One thing is certain, he was not a self-portrait of the author, Choderlos de Laclos, but probably a fictitious blend of persons known to De Laclos and characteristic of a class in his day. The stories told are reminiscent of certain episodes in the life of Marshal Richelieu and give an interesting idea of the dominating rôle that love then played.

But to take Valmont as a model of Don Juan has as little justification as to declare that a Don Juan has eyes of this or that color. In the matter of looks, the one thing we may be sure of is that a Don Juan is not stout. Women loathe fleshiness in a man. But whether he was light or dark, tall or short, straight-nosed or hook-nosed, who can say?

Even were we to assume that the stories from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were true to life, still we should not be justified in claiming that a Don Juan must have this or that characteristic. And conversely the fact that Goethe created a Faust does not imply that such a man actually lived. Nevertheless, we may speak of a Faustian trait or character.

Each person, it is therefore clear, has his own concept of Don Juan, and it takes a certain naïveté or sense of superiority to venture to define the Don Juan figure. For that reason we can scarcely agree with Deschanel in finding fault with Alfred de Musset for ascribing some nobler qualities to Don Juan.

There is certainly no peculiar general make-up of a man that would mark him as a Don Juan, though there may be some one outstanding trait that takes him out of the norm.

Would this trait be cruelty? Scarcely. Women are cruel, Apaches are cruel, so are eunuchs and so were the Inquisitors. If cruelty were the mark, then every Inquisitor was a Don Juan.

Is it sadism? How can it be? The woman chaser wants his women for regular sex gratification; the sadist derives his voluptuous sensations not from inter-

course but from torture of another. Cruelty to animals will satisfy some of them sexually as well as cruelty to women. The woman chaser will derive pleasure but not sexual gratification from a woman's tears and sufferings.

Lucka maintains that Don Juan is a man searching for true love who is disappointed in every woman he possesses and then disdains her and revenges himself by torturing her. Strange if a man of countless affairs were never to meet a single satisfying woman.

A man really in love, who looks upon the woman as his companion as well as his mistress, cannot experience hate of her, nor can the man who finds ever fresh delight in her arms.

The common conception, therefore, is a false one, that having many love affairs produces a dreadful corruption in the man and leads him to cruelty. Relationships with women, no matter how numerous, do not make a man cruel who is not so by nature. Behold Casanova and Richelieu for proof.

There are, however, a large number of men who experience a fearful revulsion after satiety in the arms of a woman, a loathing, a hatred that they cannot control. I myself know a man (and of several other cases, a little less extreme), a fine, upright, decent man, who related the story of his life to me and said that each time he had sexual gratification he fell into a state of fury.

This is merely the extreme intensification of the normal masculine reaction. The complete relaxation,

the sense of satiation, the feeling of weakness that every man experiences, turns in these men into a loathing of their mate. Casanova reports that Lord Pembroke said: "Alas, every woman I have had, if for only a day, disgusts me."

No man subject to this revulsion of feeling will find a woman who can hold him for longer than the moment.

Yet there is no doubt that vain longing for the one perfect woman may play a part in the chase after women—the longing that poets have always voiced, a longing never to be stilled, because, perhaps, the man himself knows not what it is for which he yearns.

Then what is the preëminent trait that does mark a Don Juan? If not cruelty, or sadism, or the search for the satisfying female, is it the number of affairs a man has? Were that the case, then the world would be filled with Don Juans. Is it egoism? We are most of us egoists. Is it bravery? Romeo and Leander were brave. Is it deceitfulness? Our chapter on deceit gives us the answer to that. Every man who approaches a woman without intention of marriage would be a Don Juan.

The divergence between the Casanova and the Don Juan types as set forth by Schmitz is interesting and to a degree plausible, yet on the whole arbitrary. He himself betrays the weakness of his point when he says of Manuel, the hero of an incompleted drama, that he holds a place half way between Casanova and Don Juan. He could have set up countless other such middle positions.

The reason for all this unclearness is that most

writers are unconscious of the fact that the erection of types is an artifice, arbitrary and unnatural. Life does not produce types, it produces individuals.

For personal uses, however, we may emphasize certain traits and classify the individuals possessing these traits into groups. The same individuals could just as well be put into other groups if other traits were under consideration.

Each Don Juan type is a construction peculiar to the respective authors. Some of the Don Juans are not even drawn from life, as we have seen. There is not a single feature in any one of them that could not be found in other men, and there is not a single man who in his relation to women would not manifest a Don Juan trait.

If one is to approach the question at all scientifically, it must be realized that we cannot possibly say where the so-called legitimate craving for illegitimate relations ends and woman chasing begins.

Yet, as was shown in earlier chapters of this book, men behave differently from one another in their approach and in their relations with women, and though, as I said, any sharp delineation this way or that would be arbitrary, nevertheless, there may be some one outstanding character or motive that a Don Juan possesses in a degree preëminent over the Casanovas and Richelieus, for example.

Let us, for the sake of arriving at clarity, make motive the test and not conduct, and let us divide men according to motive into three groups.

The first group will include those men for whom the

mainspring of their relations with women is above everything else the exaltation of the ego and for whom sexual gratification is not much more than proof that the surrender is complete and unconditional. Here is where we might place the Don Juans.

The second group will include men who desire women for the pleasure of it, but who value, even love the women they win and who as a rule employ decent methods. Casanova is the example *par excellence* of this class. We have seen that he loved his women and they loved and remembered him.

In the third group bestial lustfulness is pronounced, and the methods correspond in kind. These men might be dubbed the roués.

Pierre Frelet in *Le temps de la femme* has put the egoistic motive well. "It is not love that attracts me, not even desire. Nothing but the stupid vainglory of the hunter. I have long observed that love of self produces more alliances than love of another."

A. T'Serstevens has made much the same analysis in *La légende de Don Juan*. "It was not a matter of sensation to him, nor even of pleasure, but chiefly a feeling that he was magnifying himself. He rejoiced in attack the way a conqueror seeks glory before a city that offers no strategic interest for seizure. When he took it into his head to subdue a resisting woman, he did so not because it increased the pleasure she had to offer, but because it swelled his pride as a seducer. He was wont to say that his desire for a woman went as far as her chemise, meaning that her loss of shame quite satisfied him; he asked for nothing more. Some-

times he merely induced the woman to lie in his bed entirely unclad while he remained indifferent to her caresses. Her yielding was sufficient for the satisfaction of his vanity."

Conquest, not possession, charms Don Juan, and he requires success upon success. He tells his vanquished ladies off on his fingers as does Leporello in *Don Giovanni*. Like the men who go fishing merely for the sport of it and let the fish go again after they have it hooked on their lines, he enjoys the fight his quarry puts up. Danger from the outside gives him even keener delight. It spices the undertaking with precisely the same flavor. To lie in a woman's arms while her husband or father or brother is in the neighboring room raises satisfaction to the heights of ecstasy. To fight duels over women are his sport. He shoots well, and he shoots to kill. He has few friends. He is a menace to both men and women.

In some Don Juans the danger element counts for more than numbers. In their search for exaltation of the ego they will ride over dead bodies.

That is why Don Juans are found more frequently in countries where there are still titled classes and the duel is still practised—in Europe among the officers, noblemen and students—than in countries where the workhouse or the pillory or a cudgelling threatens the woman chaser.

Because vanity is his main impulse it follows that a Don Juan takes more pleasure in harvesting women and girls of the upper classes, though experienced in-

dependent women of lower station may also arouse some fleeting interest.

In no case does he seek personality. Nor would he be likely to secure it, since high distinction of character seldom accompanies the feminine quality of being easily won with scarcely any exertion of voluntary choice.

As for the methods he uses, he will lie, make promises, threaten, be dolorous, unhappy, play the romantic, the intellectual. But rarely will he buy a woman or use liquor to deaden her inhibitions.

Very different in motive and conduct is the class that Casanova represents. It desires and seeks a love that it is willing to return. It longs for glowing kisses, ardent embraces, all the joys so well known yet ever new that a loving woman has to offer. While not shrinking from danger, it does not court it. On occasion it may employ dubious methods on the principle that all's fair in love and war, but in the main its members are men decent to their women and not boastful of their conquests. They care for nothing but to lie in the arms of the woman who happens to be the momentary attraction, and to discover new delights. They are *gourmets*. Ruination of women is foreign to them. And as long as the women do not annoy them with complaints they remain true friends and helpers —not frequently, however, because women instinctively know that these men are birds to be caught but not caged.

A Casanova is preëminently a "ladies' man." Women

are an essential in his life. It is only in their company that he feels he is himself; without them life would be senseless, valueless, dreary, boresome. He is ready to sacrifice everything, his fortune, his future, his life, to a woman—until he has won her. He loves the species as a whole.

Marshal Richelieu, who wanted to be esteemed by his women for his quality as a lover, also belongs in this class, to the members of which, it may be said, women form the entire content of their lives. In this they resemble women in general, for whom, it is commonly said, man constitutes the whole content of life.

Very different from a Casanova is a roué. Usually he is past middle age, and spent. To whip up his declining powers he requires unusual charms in the woman, the exquisite freshness and loveliness of virginal youth. In attaining his end he pays no heed to the future of his victims, and preferably employs methods that undermine her moral stamina. He is undoubtedly the most noxious pest in the vineyard of the Lord. He is cowardly and tricky. He is not a *gourmet* but a *gourmand*.

Again the surprised question thrusts itself upon us, as to how it is that a girl or woman will yield to a Don Juan when she must know that she is only one of many and is not courted for her own sake, that the more readily she is won the less value she has and the sooner she will be discarded, that women who throw themselves at a man without desire on his part will soon awaken in him displeasure if not disgust.

An illuminating case is described by Carl Mirtl in

his book on the instinct of selection in women. "I was silly enough," a girl confessed to him, "to flatter myself that though he had had a lot of fine ladies he still fell in love with me and wanted me, and I had lifted the fine ladies out of their saddles."

Elsewhere in his book Mirtl says that the predilection for the roué, which is frequently one of the earliest manifestations of the sex impulse, is in its essence a primitive instinct. Another writer, Lucka, declares: "The greater the importance a man attaches to women, the more readily do they respond to his influence. They are attracted by his erotic will."

And Forel says: "In primitive times boldness and hardihood were the qualities that carried a man farthest. That explains why today audacious Don Juans awaken most women's love and with comparative ease, despite their evil qualities, delude most girls."

But the emotional processes of the experienced woman and the inexperienced girl with reference to a Don Juan are wholly different. The former, eager only for a new sensation, is not frightened off by his inconstancy. She is curious to discover what it is about the man that has made him so adored and so great a lover. In love as in business advertising brings results. It is the anticipatory flutterings, not the realization, that lend interest to an adventure.

As for the naïve young girl, she gives herself up to the hope of being Don Juan's last love. "His faults will disappear like the leaves in fall when he and I are united," pleads a certain maiden in literature, and

gives a deaf ear to her mother's warning that "also like the leaves, his faults will grow again."

Most women, moreover, estimate the value of their favor too highly. Women don't know women. They are ignorant of what their predecessors have had to offer, and so, lacking a basis for comparison, they think themselves temperamental when in reality they may be rather cold. A woman in love believes that in giving her all, that is, her self, she has given the man a great deal. She overlooks the fact that women do not possess the value of a rarity.

Altogether women also err in ignoring the truth that persons as well as things are seldom prized for their intrinsic value, but for what they cost—articles what they cost in money, persons what they cost in the effort to secure their friendship or love. Ease of acquisition and security of possession reduces the value. In this respect Ovid gave women a hint that they would do well to observe.

"Who yield too soon, will soon her lover lose;
Would you retain him long, then long refuse.
Oft at your door make him for entrance wait
There let him lie and threaten and entreat
When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore;
Ships by fair winds are sometimes run ashore;
Hence springs the coldness in a married life
The husband when he pleases has his wife.

Delays if not too long increase desire:
Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain

Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain
Now let his hopes, now let his fears increase
But by degrees let fear to hope give place."

Another point women fail to consider when they over-estimate their own value is, that no one wants even as a gift something he has no desire for. For a woman he does not love a man has no use, only abuse.

Sometimes the motive in women will be the desire to experience the great passion at least once in life. This undoubtedly is a most important factor in the peculiar feminine phenomenon we are considering. Thus it is that a few days before a woman is to marry a man from whom she expects support but no great sensations, will carry her to the arms of a fascinating, piquant lover, even though she knows he will be hers for only a few hours.

Similar impulses actuate men, whose interest in a frigid woman, we know, cools quickly but who can be held long by passion whether genuine or simulated. To put the same idea in another form, the feelings of the one party either cripple or increase the strength of the feelings of the other party.

A man may leave his beautiful wife, who is cold, for an ugly woman, who is ardent. He may even love his beautiful wife. Love and passion are not necessarily mates.

A woman may love a man for his high character, but give her passion at times to an inferior person. To cite Frelet again—he tells of a girl who loves the man she is betrothed to. Decency prevents his touching

her. She is seduced by another man. After each time she has been with him and her senses have cooled off, she experiences a loathing of him.

It is the irresistible desire for a frenzy of feeling that robs women of their will and silences the warnings of their minds and hearts. When it is a question of love, says Paul Bourget, they pay no more attention than men to honor and morality. Death is not too severe a penalty to pay for a single moment in Paradise. The truth uttered by Stendhal is one many of us have yet to learn: "Happiness in love resides in loving. One derives more happiness from the passion one feels than the passion one arouses."

It rarely happens that a Don Juan actually falls in love. When he does he fares badly. The woman in that case has not shown love for him, and her actual or assumed indifference inflames him. His ego is hurt and his passions aroused. He finds qualities in the woman that he could never discover in her predecessor.

In conclusion, if we ask what is the cause of the peculiar, fairly magic attraction that some men exercise over women, we can only conjecture that they possess a sort of tropism, such as the light has for the moth. "There is no reason why we should not assume," says Robert Müller, in his work on sexual biology, "that this chemo-tropism plays the main part in the fertilization of the higher animals. It is in erotic chemo-tropism that we must seek the roots of the sex impulse and its manifold expressions."

The influence a Don Juan exerts upon women does not always depend upon his fame which has gone be-

fore. He need merely step into a room of mixed company for some of the women immediately to say, "Who's that interesting man? I'd like to know him."

" 'Who is the man that just came in?' asked the lady. 'He must be a good lover.' " (Paul Bourget.)

"He entered . . . I felt vaguely that a great event was preparing." (Magdeleine Marx.)

Even should a Don Juan be unable to speak the language of a woman he has fixed upon, she would feel his power over her none the less. He has an instinctive knowledge of how to approach each particular woman, and she on her side scents the desired male in him.

XV

The Break

A CLEVER, worldly-wise father of these days, advising a grown son who shows a disposition to drink deep of the cup of life, would say: "In your relationships with women be discreet and restrained. If, however, you enter into an affair, give first thought to its ultimate dissolution."

Several times in previous chapters it has been brought out that the mode of approach indicates the manner of the final rupture. The man who from the beginning impresses and keeps impressing upon the woman that he has taken her for sensual gratification alone experiences no difficulty in terminating the alliance. To quote the Goncourts again when they describe the liaisons that married women of the eighteenth century were expected to enter into: "The two dropped each other as abruptly as they had picked each other up, pleased to have been together and heartily delighted to be rid of each other."

Purely physical love has a real market value for the man as well as for the woman, but, as in other commodities, it commands a lower figure if there is an unlimited supply and a higher figure if it is scarce and must be hunted down. The woman, therefore, who throws herself into the arms of a much-sought-after man cannot help but lose him soon. An easy, sudden conquest is almost certain to be followed by a sudden

break. The man is justified in excusing himself on the ground that he had not wanted her.

However, in the case of a man employing brutal methods of courtship, the woman may be only too glad to be rid of him, as he is usually brutal in his dealings with her afterwards, too. But there are many men—and they are the finer and the more interesting —to whom love without an emotional element is not satisfying. They want the woman to love them in return. This brings difficulties to the men in its wake. Much as they may want love at the start, they also want it to stop when they have done with the woman. They lose sight of the fact that the feminine psychic processes are characterized by a greater inertia. Women are neither as quick to love nor as quick to stop loving as men. Therein lies the tragedy for the one sex.

> "Go, you do not deserve us women, not only the children
> Bear we, we equally bear all to ourselves the faith.
> But you men, so wasteful in strength and passionate fury
> In your embraces you waste also the feeling of love."
> (Goethe's *Roman Elegies,* translated by Dyrsen)

Certain men on casual acquaintance make a deep impression on women from having acquired a technique that gives them an air of cleverness and wit. But having once gone through their little part, they become tedious bores. The contrast between expectation and

fulfilment is too flagrant. Even should such men possess physical magnetism, a woman of average intelligence will be quite ready to part with them when the time comes, provided no ulterior considerations exist for her.

It is quite another matter when the nature of the man is such that his personality and capacities endear him to the woman and her love deepens in the course of association. The greatest obstacle to an easy rupture is when the meetings of the two are infrequent and familiarity, that great enemy of passionate love, does not get a chance to rob the relationship of its bloom.

If the lover is intelligent, attractive, and of fine feelings, and if he is the one to terminate the relationship, it is inevitable that the woman should suffer a deep wound in her soul. Inevitable because to her there seems to be no good cause for separation. The longer she knows a man of this type the more deeply she cares for him. As her inhibitions disappear, the intensity of her feelings increases. And here operates that critical crossing of the emotional curves of the male and the female; as when the woman's desire mounts the man's readiness or even capacity to satisfy her descends.

The difficulties of dissolution are not the same for all women in love. With married women the termination of an affair is comparatively simple—one reason why the pseudo-lover prefers her to an unmarried girl. Most wives choose the security of a comfortable home in preference to uncertainty and scandal. They know from the start that the relationship has not been welded

for all eternity. The first pangs of disappointment, keen though they may be, will yet not cause wounds that time will not heal.

In the case of unmarried, inexperienced women, a bitter shock is bound to come. Few can bow their heads in time to the threatening severance of the union. Instead of pursuing the wise course of becoming pleasanter, they become disagreeable. They resort to tears—a powerful weapon, but also a boomerang. Every victory won with tears is a Pyrrhic victory. After the peace pact has been consummated, protest rears its head in the vanquished and grows in strength until sooner or later it is bound to break into open expression again.

Our social development has been such that women are compelled to play a double rôle, both a passive and an active one. The period of the man's wooing is the time when she must be passive. Once the relationship has been established, passivity must cease; she must set actively to work to hold him. Some women know this by intuition; others expect that the very customs and usages that have forced them to wait until they have been selected will operate to hold the men after the choice has been made.

In a later chapter I shall deal with female strategy. Until now I have not touched upon it because for the temporary attraction of a man, strategy is not required. For involving a man in a permanent relation there are many difficulties.

Many girls think themselves clever because they surrender only with benefit of clergy—undoubtedly the

safest course to advise an inexperienced girl to pursue in view of present conditions when feminine training is all in the direction of marriage. But such women will seldom succeed in winning especially attractive or intellectual men, who definitely avoid them, not because they fear marriage, but because they fear that particular feminine type.

It is exactly over the finer, more cultivated men that a woman taking the aggressive can achieve an easy conquest if she has understanding. She will get back as much as she puts in. Many women with open eyes become men's mistresses, and the men realize that even though they have played a game of complaisance they are decent and honorable and after a time quite of their own accord make them their legitimate wives. Of course, great delicacy of instinct, profound knowledge of the man's nature, a fine intuition of possibilities, and a careful weighing of obstacles are requisite.

But most women follow their instincts only to the extent of choosing the man most attractive to them. Though they may indulge in hopes, they do not actually expect the association to last indefinitely. If they love the man, they do not cease loving him just to please him. They will love him all the more, the more his form of approach and the expression of his love show him to be a man of delicate, even sentimental feelings.

Men who commence an affair with an eye to its termination and brutally suppress every emotional advance in the woman, will scarcely have any difficulty in breaking away. The crafty man simply deserts his

partner; the radical talks her into the belief that it is old-fashioned, unnatural and ignoble to stay with a woman when "love" has cooled; the man who buys his woman simply ceases to support her, and the affair dissolves automatically.

In cases where the relationship was founded primarily on a form of *amour physique,* the man always has the opportunity of proving the infeasibility of a continuation and will seldom be obliged to go on with it.

The Don Juans and the Casanovas and the Richelieus never need to end an affair. Nothing prevents them from carrying on several at a time. But the men who endear themselves to the women and permit the impression to be formed that they reign supreme in their hearts, have only one effective resort, sudden flight. Flight was the only way Goethe could cut himself off from his women. It may be the least painful way.

Ovid says:

> "On travel, tho' you find your fetters strong
> Set out betimes. Your journey must be long."

XVI

The Hunted Male

WHAT a contradiction! How can there be such a thing as a hunted male when this very book demonstrated at the start that the male attacks? This book was written for the scientific study and analysis and systematization of the strategy of the male approach.

That is not so. The object of this book is to describe the falseness, the dishonesty, the vulgarity, the excesses of attack and show the working of a law in the seemingly arbitrary.

The old Greeks and Romans eased spiritual problems for themselves by fashioning their gods in their own image. They endowed them with all their own human weaknesses, desires, fears, faults and virtues. The Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans conceived a spiritual God and claim that they are made in the image of that God.

But, alas, our organs function with suspicious similarity to the organs in the higher—and even lower—animals. The pancreas of a frog works much like ours; the eye of the bird sees farther and detects smaller things than the human eye; the dog's sense of smell is keener than ours; the physiologic functions of the mammals are scarcely different from those of *homo sapiens*.

Most of the problems that complicate our love life are the inevitable outcome of the fact that man is a

combination of the animal and the godlike—godlike in the sense of the immaterial and the abstract, the illusory, the loftily aspiring, the longing for the eternal.

No matter how high aloft the ideal may lift him, no matter how the imagination may transform his instincts, no matter in what lovely shapes his dreams may clothe his desires, down to earth he must come, dust he must eat.

Loud though he may cry, not his neighbor, not even his best friend will comprehend the anguish, the sorrow, the heartrending pain—the terrible cleavage in his life, the disgust with the purely animalistic, the barrenness of the purely esthetic, the desire for the satisfaction of the senses with its concomitant satiation, the longing for immaterial beauty, followed then by increased desire for the material.

Faust, in desperation at the awful realization that the universe in its essence and its infinity is beyond the grasp of mortal mind, flings himself into the arms of the devil to escape his spiritual desolation. Mephistopheles sends him to Gretchen. But not with her, nor from love and passion, can he find the way out of his wretchedness.

Faust's dilemma is that of every thinking man. Two spirits straining apart dwell within his breast. The one clutches at the mundane world with tough, resistant tentacles, the other rises on mighty wings to airy fields of divination.

Woman is not Faustian. She, the procreating element, is the very confirmation, the very asseveration of life for life's sake.

She requires the male as a complement to herself. She takes him if she can. Like the mountain woman in O'Brien's *White Shadows in the South Seas,* who "advanced into the main trail . . . suddenly embraced me, smelling my face and picking me up in a bear hug . . . 'Take care!' cried his guide. 'She is a woman of the mountain. She will take you away to her *papae!* . . . These women of the heights are all like that. . . . They have no sense and no shame. If they see a stranger near their home, they will seize him, as men do women. If they are in the mood, they will not take no for an answer. It has always been their custom, as that of the hill men capturing the valley women. It is shameful, but it has never changed. She would give you food and treat you with kindness as a man does his bride. You know in the old days the strong women had more than one husband; sometimes four or five, and they chase them in this way. If you were nearer where she lives, she would make you a prisoner. They have often done that.' "

If women in civilized countries dared, they would do the same. They would capture their men. As a matter of fact, they do if they have rid themselves of the inhibitions imposed by education and custom.

I do not refer to the modern, emancipated woman who has thrown off the shackles that her sex has worn for centuries, the woman who works and creates and cultivates herself and looks to her own growth. I speak of her denatured sisters, in whom license takes the place of liberty, and pleasure becomes an end in itself, who know no duties, who refuse to believe that

self-sacrifice is joy and self-seeking is a source of earthly ills.

The strategy of that sort of woman is simple, simpler than the devices an odalisque uses to win the favor of her master. The harem concubine is in constant competition with the other women, and she must ever devise fresh ways of exciting the man's feelings.

The Occidental woman operates among a number of men. She can always find some who will gladly succumb to her charms and enjoy the moment that carries no responsibilities. And the man she takes flatters himself that he is the victor, as if such an one could be dubbed victor who is roped in without struggle, who always has possibilities of escape open to him, who seizes nothing and takes nothing away except the bitter taste of satiety.

For light philandering women need resort to no strategy in order to secure a lover, even a desirable one. Physicians in obstetrical clinics find evidence that unbelievably ugly and deformed women have had sex relations with men. But if it came to holding a man or getting him to provide for them, that would be a more difficult matter. It would call for strategy.

Men may be roughly divided into lovers and providers, not that a man cannot be both at the same time, but women instinctively place him in the one category or the other. If the woman sees the lover in him, she does not care for his ability to support her; if she sees in him the provider she is under no illusion.

Around these two forms centers the problem of feminine strategy.

A man finds it difficult to be accepted as a lover, but easy, if he is not a bore, to be accepted as a provider. The obverse of this is that women secure a lover easily, but find it difficult to catch a good provider, especially if they themselves are poor. Many men think twice before tackling the serious problem of marriage and undertaking to keep wife or mistress in style.

Thus the whole question of female strategy resolves itself into whether the woman wants to get or to give. In the final analysis it does not matter whether she wants the man to become her husband or merely to give her money.

She must show him that she has qualities which he likes and wants; she must induce in him such psychological and physiological processes as make him willing to assume responsibilities.

These mental processes are distinctly human. They cannot be expected of animals.

But there are many women who, in spite of all protestations of idealism and craving for the beautiful, follow strictly animal instincts. They want a certain male, not as a mate or comrade, but solely as a male.

They want him and know they can have him for the asking. They want nothing but him, and they believe they have the right to take his youth, to sap his strength, and destroy his moral fibre.

There are many women, mostly above the age of thirty-five—vampires we call them—who are of the very same psychologic type as the primitive woman described by O'Brien. They seize men as men seize women. To satisfy their passions they usually choose

inexperienced lads. They may be, and often are, quite intelligent, but it is not spiritual things that they pursue.

They are a menace to the youth they fasten upon. The boys are proud of the adventure. Soon, however, the realization that they have exercised no choice but have acted under the woman's domination, produces an inferiority complex in them. Love turns into lust. Love, as a creative force, has no chance to develop; it is cut off early by the overprompt satisfaction of rising desire; it dwindles into a thin stream.

Men with such sexual beginnings turn later into the kind of Don Juans who are satisfied if a woman is ready to yield, and are willing, nay, eager, to leave her at that. Physical gratification early shed its delights, respect for womanhood was lost in the arms of the vampires.

A picture of a young man—his beautiful countenance serene, but concealing a sadness, his eyes dreaming, looking far into the distance, seeking, waiting, hopeless. The hands slender like a woman's.

A young man, young in years, old, very old in sex experience. He has nothing to learn that loving women have not taught him, nothing to expect but what he already knows, nothing to be freed from but disgust.

A young man whom women have drained of all illusions, a young man longing for an innocence that can never be restored, a young man whose chastity has been defiled, whose power of love has been destroyed, who has paid dearly for being the favorite of women.

They have sapped his manliness, they have taken

from him what might have become a source of greatness, his true, valuable self, they have left him a beautiful empty shell, a ruin admired by the passerby and mourned by those who appreciate true manly beauty.

Poor hunted male.

Another picture—a young man, strong and growing in mind and body. Not innocent but chaste. He is waiting for the wonderful to happen. He dreams of comradeship and common work, of children who would grow beyond him, of greatness which he could share, of beautiful love, inspiring, elevating, enchanting, love which becomes a purpose, an aim, a beginning and an end.

He is kind and unselfish, he is helpful and useful, but he is weak in his strength and does not perceive the strength of his weakness.

Women scent the helpless male. Are they afraid of losing him? Can they not wait until he is ready? Must they take what he is willing to give? Must they deprive him of the illusion of being the hunter? Must they enter the temple before it is finished?

Poor hunted male.

There is an artist, an interpreter of the beautiful, a creator who gives new life to a creation. The women sit at his feet, their beautiful eyes attach themselves to his body, hundreds of them, and they pull at him, here and there, they sigh, and their sighs engulf him.

He no longer realizes that he is the mouthpiece of one greater than he, but he thinks himself the invincible hero, the irresistible lover whom he should portray.

Poor hunted male.

And the officers, the men in uniform, the champions, the breakers of records. Figure and strength and energy they have. The women love them. But the flesh it is they like, no matter what they call it. They devour their bodies, they throw themselves at their feet, they pray to their prowess until the heros forget that their accomplishment was only to be the beginning, that their energy made them victors and should carry them on. They become like Narcissus, wrapped in admiration of their own bodies, mental wrecks strewn on the path to love's paradise.

Poor hunted males.

XVII

Perspective

THOUGH some indication was given in the early part of this book of the historical development of the male approach to women, yet the relation of morality and the male approach to the economic factors and to the position of women in society was not definitely pointed out.

On the face of it, it would seem as though a man's manner of courting a woman, whether for or out of wedlock, would be a purely individual matter, depending solely upon the man's personal traits. Here and there, however, in the previous chapters we caught glimpses of the bearing that the era, the environment, and the country have on personal conduct.

Without studying scholarly works we know from our own experience, how different, for instance, is the behavior of our own young people from that of the youth in the age of innnocence.

Oswald Spengler, in the great panorama he painted of the historical development of civilization, showed that culture moves in cycles of about a thousand years' length, growing and declining, starting anew here and there from new foci in various parts of the world, but always with somewhat the same general trend. It is a non-pessimistic conception of periodicity, of rhythm as the basic expression of life, with life and death com-

plementing each other. If there were no decline, there would be no rise.

Periodicity has its physical explanation. It has been pointed out that motion cannot be conceived without direction. The relativity theory has disproved the Euclidian axiom that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points. In the universe of four dimensions, and, therefore, in life, straight lines are non-existent. Life moves in curves, not in circles that come back on themselves, but in progressive spirals. For history does not repeat itself; it merely produces analogies.

There have been times, for instance, when woman's position was high. And back and forth she has swung, but never reached the pinnacle of economic independence that she has today.

In the primitive matriarchy she held power, even though she depended on the male for support. Yet he was not wholly independent, for if he was obliged to go over to the tribe of his wife, he was equally obliged to please her for acceptance into her family.

But when his position as defender of the tribe and procurer of the means of subsistence became more important and patriarchy developed, woman became his property, his slave, his chattel. So it was in the early days of Rome. He took her. He did not court.

We have already followed the changes of attitude through the centuries to the present—the decay of the Roman Empire, when paternal power weakened and women were emancipated and morals grew lax; the Christian reaction in the dark ages, when woman paid

the piper and was visited with the wrath of the righteous; the age of chivalry when the bards lifted her up from the depths of contempt and humiliation to a throne of worship; her decline in the fourteenth century, and her rise again under Louis XIV. Then again, once more, in the Victorian period, her lot in life ebbed. Not that she was despised and rejected, but that she was cast for an obscure, subordinate rôle, relegated to a limited field. Wilhelm II expressed it as K.K.K.—*Kirche, Kinder, Kueche*—Church, Children, Kitchen. And now, within only a few decades from that time, the pendulum has swung for her to a height never before reached.

What will woman do with her freedom and independence? What will happen to our social morals now that society interposes no barriers to the unrestrained association of the sexes and woman is exposed as never before to the male approach?

The question must be examined dispassionately, from a larger point of view than our personal likes or dislikes.

Both the political and the economic histories of nations have something to tell us on this point. The brief review given in this and a previous chapter must have made it clear that sex conduct, whether strict or lax, is regulated by the forms in which society as a whole subsists. When the struggle for existence is hard, and there are no great differences in wealth, sex morals are rigorous and regulated by custom. But when wealth increases and accumulates in the hands of the minority, when classes rise that wade in luxury

while the masses live in an opposite extreme of misery and deprivation, sex looseness invariably develops. It is never a cause but always an effect. The Roman Empire perished not on account of sexual degeneracy, but from the rottenness of its social structure. The French Revolution was brought about not by the number of love affairs of the Regent and Louis XV but by the extortion of taxes from the poor and the wasting of the money squeezed from the people in stupid wars and wild orgies.

To say that the welfare of a nation depends upon its morality is to put the cart before the horse. What counts is that there is plenty of work, that the wages and salaries are high enough to guarantee a decent standard of living for the greatest number, that business and commerce are lively, in short, that the economic organism is sound.

Now each human being is part of the economic organism, and whether a man has ten sweethearts and the woman twenty is immaterial to the health of the body politic so long as their love life does not interfere with the correct execution of their economic and biologic duties.

Nor does a moderate degree of laxity wreak injury to the individual. History is full of examples that prove that lax sexual conduct in an individual is compatible with great achievements. Marshal Richelieu, the lover of innumerable women, was a capable diplomat and a brave man. The towering geniuses, Byron and Goethe, were greatly favored by women. And Catherine II of Russia, certainly no Victorian model

of feminine conduct, was a founder of an empire's greatness.

Besides, the accounts that come down to us of the moral standards in periods of stress overemphasize a symptom. It is simply that at such times laxity becomes more obvious; people behave with less concern for secrecy than in normal times. When a fire breaks out in a fire-proof building it may seem harmless as long as the walls stand. When the walls collapse—as in revolutions—one realizes the magnitude of the conflagration.

Nor can the morality of a community be judged by any one flagrant abuse or occurrence. A few painted prostitutes on the street make a greater impression than thousands of decent women.

The whole question, I cannot repeat too often, reverts to the general economic state of society.

Let us see whether our own society today answers to any of the descriptions of times when sex ways were objectionable. Has it any points in common with those periods in the life of the world when there was restlessness and economic uncertainty, when money was unstable and the future seemed fraught with danger, when the masses felt they were standing on a volcano, when there was no hope, only apprehension, and there seemed only one thing to do, to capture the moment, to drain the cup before it was torn from the lips?

For America the answer is too obvious to need a statement. Europe has not yet fully emerged from post-war conditions.

Is our society so rich that among large numbers of

us wish and fulfilment are identical? Are too many of us in that class whose every desire can be so quickly gratified that there is no expectation, no suspense, and the only thing that can provide some titillation are amours, with their changing phases, their uncertainties, promises and threats? Are we in that state in which numerous love affairs have become a vital necessity to the individual and the male approach is a matter of physical attraction alone—a state in which it is obvious that with the exception of the few who truly love, the individual gains more by changing his partner frequently?

Again the answer is too obvious to require elaboration.

But now that women are fully emancipated and libertarian views of love have been widely accepted, are we on the brink of that same sex degeneracy that characterized Rome when her women were emancipated?

To this the answer is somewhat more complex. It was made clear, I believe, that the Roman freedom was established less from principle than from expediency. It was not a challenge to the women to bring out the best in them.

To be sure we have today, as pointed out particularly in the chapter on free love, developed views on morals that it is feared will develop dangerous license. But we also saw that the very women who had attained the maximum of intellectual strength, self-confidence, independence, and will to exercise their own choice, even without marriage, were least exposed to the dangers of licentious male approach.

These women, however, are the exceptions still. What of their less endowed sisters? What has the future in store for them?

XVIII

Are Women Moral?

How dare one interrogate? Has not woman from time immemorial been considered the paragon of morality? In art, morality is personified by a woman, never is it symbolized by the male. "Nobody wants a man to be perfect." To be sure, vice also is frequently represented by the female figure, but the personification of morality is confined to the one sex.

Before a decision can be reached regarding woman's virtuous or non-virtuous temperament, another question must be disposed of. We must look into the meaning of morality.

Webster's dictionary defines morality as a doctrine or system of moral duties, ethics, external virtue, and morals as pertaining to conduct in respect to right and wrong, virtue, vice. No mention is made of its special application to sexual conduct, though when we say of a person of the feminine gender that she is moral, we have in mind only this one field of behavior. If she is a girl and moral, that means she has preserved her virginity; if she is married and moral, that means she has not committed adultery.

Looking about us in life as it is today and in life as depicted in the pages of history, we see that this matter of sexual morality has worn a different aspect at different times and in different countries.

The ancient Hebrews took wives and concubines.

Admitting their right to them in the past, though we should deny it to the Jews in the present, we find no fault with the Bible for not voicing a protest against the practice. Mohammedans, even under British rule, as in India, still maintain harems. Monarchs of civilized countries are allowed morganatic marriages, a privilege denied to lesser mortals.

Sexual morality, therefore, it would seem, is the duty to conform to the prevailing customs of caste, age and country.

Morals are not divine and eternal. They are man-made and mutable. They are made by those who have the power to make and enforce laws. Before the Volstead act was passed, to drink a glass of port after dinner was a gentlemanly pleasure. Since the passage of the Volstead act, it is a crime. There is scarcely anything we consider right that at some time has not been held to be wrong, and vice versa. Right is that to which obedience can be enforced.

Man created his own version of woman and her morals, and she perforce has had to accept it, just as the peasant and the burgher of former times accepted without challenge the prerogatives of kings, aristocrats, and priests.

Acknowledging the man-made ordinances, women, so long as they were dependent, gloried in executing them. In former times, if a girl went astray, her sisters condemned her, whereas men did not always do so. See how the situation has changed. When the United States government refused a visé to a lady of rank on the ground of moral turpitude, a storm of protest

rained down on Washington, not so much from men as from women. Women who were beyond reproach in their own lives, on the count of sexual indulgence, took up the cudgels and accused the government of unfairness in admitting to this country the male co-respondent, but in barring his partner.

The episode points to several things—that our conceptions of morality change, that women no longer unquestioningly accept man-made law, and that they have no stern, fixed, unalterable and unaltering code of sexual conduct.

Such rigidity is imposed upon them by man when he holds the economic weapon over their heads. Left to themselves, they never have been guardians of sex morality, as were the fathers of the Roman Republic. They are not interested in it.

A girl is not moral; she is afraid. A wit once said: "What is virtue? When no man comes. What is faithfulness? When no other man comes."

Judge Ben Lindsay, in his *The Revolt of Modern Youth*, said that the female of the species is often more aggressive than the male, that often young men have to defend their virtue. The decent lad feels responsibility both toward the girl and himself. The girl throws responsibility to the winds.

Evidently women are prevented from going to extremes only by fear of physical consequences. They will not be moral unless for some reason they have a wish to be or are compelled to be. What men call a sense of honor seems to be absent in their sex conduct.

Masculine honor stands for justice, decency, upright-

ness, loyalty, honesty in all dealings—virtues without which society could not exist for a day; ordered existence would not be possible. Even business, into which so many unscrupulous practices are introduced, could not be carried on were masculine honor, in the main, to cease operating.

Now, to the girl honor (morals), as I said, means merely the preservation of her virginity; to the wife it means fidelity to her marriage vows. With regard to widows and divorcées our notions of honor are hazy. Society is both critical and uncritical of them for indulging in illegitimate sex relationships.

The world cannot dispense with masculine honor; it can very well dispense with feminine honor. That it actually does we must admit if we do not close our eyes to the vast numbers of illegitimate relations carried on in every Occidental country today.

Of all countries it is in America that best proof is furnished that feminine honor is not essential. Though Americans, to be sure, speak of the "purity of women," they never question the chastity of their future wives, nor would it occur to an American girl to confess about her past to her future husband. I have never heard of a case in which an American woman's indiscretions have prevented her ultimate marriage. The American woman's economic position is too well grounded, her self-consciousness too pronounced for a man to dare to delve into her past. And marriage is too necessary for American men; it is the only means whereby the majority of them can live regulated sex lives.

The impression that women are more moral than

men is the result of several causes. Tradition, force of habit, inherited concepts color our credulities. And, secondly, we are apt to mistake for morality the hesitations that women display before entering into a relationship, whether in or out of wedlock. Their inclinations, moreover, are swayed more than men's by real affection and love; they hold off until their emotions have been engaged. That, too, gives them the appearance of morality. But once their passions and desires have been aroused, they will go after what they want without hesitation because of so-called moral scruples.

XIX

Women Of Today

WOMEN have never been idlers. Lack of occupation has never been a grievance of theirs, nor a charge against them from the other sex. Feminine work has merely changed its character. It used to be restricted to a few household tasks and was imposed upon women as the general burden of their sex, regardless of the specific fitness of the individual for the character of the work required. With every stitch that some clumsy-fingered little girls sewed into their samplers went a drop of their life's blood. How they longed to be out in the sun and wind pitching hay or wielding the hammer that sounded so merrily under the hired man's blows!

And the hired man, and their fathers, and their brothers received money for their work. The women—wives, daughters, sisters—received praise or blame or grudging recognition of tasks performed, or no recognition at all.

It was a slavish position they held, tied to one master to whom they had to look for the whole of life's content. They could not possibly be aware that in performing their household work they had in actuality a social value.

This does not mean that each individual who now holds a paid position consciously swells with pride at being a unit in the social machine, but he senses that

his work is needed and that if he and his fellow-workers were to quit, the whole order would go to smash. That realization gives him a feeling of dignity.

It is this feeling of importance which women of today are acquiring, not because they work—they have always worked—but because they can choose their jobs according to their liking or fitness for it, they are paid for their jobs, their jobs are the gift not of the one lord and master but of society as a whole. From a place in a single man's home they have stepped into a place in the general order of things.

When a woman had to look to one man for everything in life, love, a home, occupation, diversion, he naturally became the focal object of a veritably morbid intensity of feeling. Loss of him left her stripped. To prevent it she would often subject herself to the depths of abject humiliation.

Love, the yearning for the one perfect mate, still animates the feminine breast, but it is no longer the single goal. Life holds other, partly compensating values for disappointments in love and marriage, chief of which is the consciousness of social worth. It develops the sinew to stand alone if stand alone one must, and enables woman to confront man on an equal plane, and expect a relation of mutuality, not of command and obedience, of bestowal and acceptance. Woman's consciousness of freedom, her self-assurance, which she derives as an economic factor, give her the courage to comport herself with sex dignity. She has no need to hang herself as a millstone round any man's neck.

She can and does cultivate pure friendships with

men. Hitherto, with the rare exceptions of highly intellectual persons, this has been deemed impossible—and justly so when the attitude toward woman which made her merely a sex agent stunted her development as a human entity and produced a wide chasm between the sexes. Friendship is mutual give and take, and today women have as much to offer as they have to receive. They have innumerable interests to share in common with men.

The man, on his side, must, of course, be the type in whom the sexual urge does not thrust everything else into the background. A feminine friend may then give him a kind of satisfaction not to be derived from man's friendship with man.

But in this respect society has not progressed far. Women are apt to hark back to an earlier attitude and demand from a friendship the special favors that are due them not as comrades but as women. Prejudices thousands of years old are not easily shaken off. Besides, if all of a sudden before enough of us were prepared, we were to jump into a state in which the individual has no social restraints put upon his sex life, the results might be ruinous.

There are many signs, however, that we are entering upon an entirely new phase of sexual existence. Just as thoughts develop in the subconscious mind and suddenly spring to the conscious surface, so in history the portents of a new era lie latent, and hidden to all but the keen, unprejudiced student and searcher after truth.

Women's freedom has long emerged from the uncon-

scious. It is the noblest form of the relations of the sexes that still lies deep in the womb of things preparing.

Literature, which not only holds up the mirror to contemporary life, but also sends out a searchlight into the future, gives an intimation of a new sexual order.

"Listen," cried Magdeleine Marx, "I have found it. Don't let us part any more. Never. Yes? I am the one who asks it. I ask it of you. Let us live together. That's all I can say. It stands for everything. To live together—does it mean love? I cannot tell yet. But I know we must live together. And you, you know it, too."

In her autobiography, *The Memoirs of a Socialist*, Lilli Braun describes her relations with the man she desires as the father of her child, which are by no means in accord with society's present-day views of wedlock. The fruit of the union was Otto Braun, one of the most gifted young men whom Germany has produced since Goethe. But alas, he was cut off in the war—an irreparable loss.

Victor Marguerite has also given some intimations of the future life of the sexes, but unfortunately the distortions of *La garçonne* needlessly mar the beauty of his idea.

These and other books are a sign of the forces at work in society.

When we shall have all women independent in their work, independent, therefore, in their income, making independent choice of their mates, irrespective of all

factors except love, we shall have to have a corresponding change in men. The old ways of male approach will no longer do.

Yet even the most optimistic will have to admit that it will be a long, long time before the various types of male approach dealt with in this book will appear antiquated, useless and ineffective.

Nevertheless, it may be said with a degree of assurance that if the economic and social standing of women as well as their intellects develop further along the present lines, then all types of male approach will vanish, and none but those men will be chosen who are capable, whether by intellectual capacity or character or energy, of awakening in women the sense that they are their proper mates and the fathers they want for their children.

The mother right that existed in primitive times and was superseded by patriarchy will, in finer form, return again as the sign of a more elevated culture. Man's whole system of approach will give way to the woman's natural instinct of selection.

XX

The New Man

But what of the masculine sex? What place is the male to have in an order of society based on mother right? Is he to occupy a position even more degraded than was woman's during the past centuries? Will not his character, his ego, his love of domination, suppressed and driven inward, be warped to morbidity? Or will there be a great war of the sexes, in which men and women will battle with each other for ascendency?

To take up the last interrogation first. We must once again revert to the matter of woman's emancipation. Theoretically, the advocation of woman's freedom is not modern by any means. The idea has been broached many times. Some mention is made of it in the literature of almost every century since the Christian era.

The world, however, never before paid heed. Only a very few justice-loving persons here and there might have felt the injustice of so debasing a whole half of humanity.

Theory did not set women free, neither did men set them free, neither did they free themselves.

What liberated women from bondage to household tasks and a single master was the evolution of a new social order, which required paid female work as hitherto it had required only paid male work.

This new social order exists. Over and above that,

it goes on strengthening itself from day to day. Women, as has repeatedly been pointed out, are entering more and more fields of work. A relentless economic law is operating in which their volition is not the initiating, driving, motive energy, but only the lubricant, as it were, that facilitates its progress.

It would be contrary to this law for men—at least at the present economic stage of society, which will probably endure for a long time to come—to disregard their own economic interests, which, I reiterate, require women in industry, and do battle with them in an effort to thrust them back within the four walls of a home. In other words, by doing this men as a sex would become more revolutionary than Socialists or Communists, who, whatever capitalists may hold against them, do offer for the economic order they want to abolish another economic order in its place. Whereas, merely to drive women out of industry back to their old level of subordination is not to institute a new system based on any principle or law by which society has hitherto developed. It would be an unnatural gesture for which history has no precedent.

What the very distant future may hold in store, no one, of course, can foresee. Social science, however, has been developed so far that predictions may be made with fair probability, and the probability is that we shall have to reckon with a situation in which women will continue to be important factors in industry and as such will develop increasing independence and the will to exercise natural selection.

If the modern feminine libertarianism has produced

clashes of daughters with parents, and wives with husbands, the remedy has to be sought not in setting back the clock, but in pushing forward both hands. The trouble is not the new woman, but that a new man was not quick enough to develop.

Masterful domination through the centuries has ministered to the masculine sense of superiority, which every male either consciously or in his unconscious mind still harbors, even if he does not express it. He may admire many women, he may adore a few, he may be the slave of one, he will still feel himself above the rest purely on a sexual basis.

As I said before, it would be futile to discuss which, if either, of the sexes is superior to the other. I have shown that the question does not affect the order of things one way or another. We can consider only historical development and the resultant conditions, both individual and general.

The historical fact is that man acquired economic power over woman and that this acquired power gave him a sense of supremacy over her in all other respects as well. Little did he realize, it seems, that biologically the female is the deciding factor and absolutely rules the male. He must depend upon her will for his male gratifications and to produce his offspring.

He has also mistaken the purpose of his greater muscular strength. Nature plainly intended it, not for vaunting his superiority over the female, but for fighting other males, as the basis for natural selection.

With different degrees of rapidity in the various countries the old contempt of women as a sex is dis-

appearing. This alone is sufficient proof that the male superiority complex is an acquired one, the result of the economic development of the race, and has no basis in the organization of the male as such. It can, therefore, alter, and it will alter as soon as the determining factors have altered.

One great change, in our evaluation of accomplishment, is already in progress. It has been produced by the general use of machinery, which has eliminated the social value of physical strength.

Most of us, however, still worship brute strength as of old. We flock to baseball and football games, tennis tournaments, rowing matches. Awards at beauty contests are given for shape of feature, never for gleam of intelligence in the eye. As of old. hero worship is based on admiration of strength.

The accomplishments of a scientist, not being obvious to the average person, do not find the space in a newspaper that does an account of a rescue at sea. Not one person in ten thousand, I dare say, has ever heard of Dr. Carroll, Dr. Lazear, Mr. Kissaye, and Mr. Moran, the first of whom died, the second nearly lost his life, and the last two, orderlies, faced death to determine the etiology of yellow fever. These men had courage, the same courage that rescues at sea call for. It was not spectacularly and corporeally displayed, like prowess at the Olympic games. It was a quiet demonstration, more like a school-room exercise. It wore the stamp of brains, not of physique.

If this is so in our day, small wonder that at a time

when brawn and sinew were the standards of achievement, women had to fall behind.

However, even if physical equipment still evokes worship, it has, as I pointed out, lost its social value through the introduction of machinery, and brains are becoming more of an economic requirement. Intellectual attainments, in consequence, are gaining a widened recognition.

When Nietzsche proclaimed his superman, the grandiose figure he drew was no picture of a violent "blond beast," as some suppose, nor a picture of man as he is at present. It was a prophecy of the future, when man shall have evolved in his whole being, spiritual and physical, as far from the man of today as we are removed from the ape. This period of evolution, however, should not last so long as the previous one. We can hasten the progress by willing it. Just as woman's volition oiled the machinery of her emancipation, so man's volition can aid his own evolution toward a superior and happier sex adjustment.

Denying, therefore, to the individual the right to proclaim himself a superman only because he is a strong animal, we must also, on the same grounds, deny to the male rights of superiority over the female on the ground of a greater physical equipment.

But the average man protests that he is also mentally superior to woman. Again I say, to enter into this argument is futile. It decides no social problem. What is an obvious determining social fact is that within certain limits the male intelligence is not indispensable for the social work of the world. Women can fill most

of the positions that were supposed to be peculiarly and exclusively masculine. Indeed, in the early days of industrialism, men attended to the duties in the house, while the women were at work in the factories.

It may be concluded, therefore, that whatever sex superiority the average man may still claim over the average woman, it is not sufficiently pronounced to offset the sex superiority of the independent woman over the man. He has no claim to her favor on the mere fact of his maleness. He has to meet her in business, not as a prospective lover, but as man to man, sometimes as her subordinate. She is no longer prey delivered to him.

However, it is not wise to minimize or blind our eyes to certain harmful effects of the changing relations of the sexes. To diagnose symptoms is the first step to the cure, and the evolution of the new man may be hastened if both sexes watch themselves for conduct that is a morbid outgrowth rather than a healthy natural development along evolutionary lines.

In women, I refer to abuse of their freedom; in men, to the danger of becoming effeminate.

Of the danger of male effeminateness there are indications, in the prevalence of the *gigolo* and many forms of male prostitution, symptoms that characterized the period of Roman decay. But, as has already been pointed out, women then rose not by their own strength but on men's weakness. The emancipated woman of the Roman Empire developed no admirable qualities or capacities that the woman of the earlier Republic had not possessed.

Present circumstances, however, different from those in Rome, are producing a new woman of awakened forces and powers. She will not want a weak, pusillanimous creature for her mate. The new woman demands a new man.

She demands intellect, something over and above physical strength. And countries like America and Australia prove that a type of man is in the making who is losing his sense of superiority on the sheer basis of sex and is yet retaining the higher forms of masculine characteristics, such as manliness, aggressiveness, initiative and creative skill.

In the Latin countries the male still persists who assumes he has the right of domination over the female on the sheer ground of his masculinity. To an American the colossal conceit of the Latin in believing that any woman he may meet will without ado accept his advances is inconceivable.

Co-education alone is evidence enough that sex superiority is not essential to true virility. Some of our best manhood has received its training in co-educational institutions.

And yet the new man, even in America, is not so completed a product as the new woman. That woman is no longer demanded by him as his property, his chattel, is only a negative condition. So also is his loss of the sense of sex superiority. He shall have to gain some positive acquisition to bring about a true and lasting partnership.

But American men have been too busily engaged in acquiring money to bother about the acquisition of more

spiritual things, such as making good lovers and good husbands for their intellectually alert wives, whom they allow to lead in activities outside of business. Most lectures are given in the afternoon when men cannot attend them, and at evening lectures, also, the audiences are preponderatingly feminine.

It is not to be understood that the American man is less intelligent than the Britisher and Continental, but that he is less educated. Education makes for wider and more varied interests, and as interests in common make both for pleasant approach and for happiness in marriage, the new man will have to keep his wits as polished as does the woman.

It may be objected that difficulties arise more frequently among intellectual groups rather than others. Several things are conducive to this appearance. The affairs of less significant persons are not broadcasted so widely. Incompatibility exists equally in other classes, and as for the poor, they have not enough money—or time or energy—for divorce or alimony. Moreover, in most cases of rupture among the intellectuals one or the other of the persons is usually highly emotional and highly strung, like actors and artists and writers. Besides, a man may be cultured, yet reactionary in his views of modern problems, and he may expect his modern wife to conform to old-fashioned standards.

No longer can men expect happiness from a union in which a chasm yawns between him and his wife, to be crossed only when he lays a plank over the gap. The two will have to go side by side in all the walks of life, comrades in everything. No allotting of this

province to the one and that province to the other on the basis of sex, but only on the basis of the individual fitness of each for anything to be undertaken. Man cannot consider that his marital duties begin and end with the provision of material necessities. Wives have become producers, too. In addition they bring to the union a greater share physically. Man, therefore, will have to offer more intellectually.

That is not to say that every man must be scholar or inventor. Originality of ideas is not a thing to be had on demand. The ability, however, to acquire a knowledge of the intellectual resources of the world is a not uncommon gift. This knowledge is attainable through education. Humanity, for its conjugal welfare today, demands not a great development of muscle, but highly organized brains.

It is a distressing fact that a large number of the most sensitive and intelligent women, particularly in America, remain unmarried, not because they are not courted or asked in marriage, but because they are asked by the wrong men. An immature, poorly educated person cannot satisfy the legitimate requirements of these women, and only too often men cease to be interested in learning as soon as they leave college and in marriage have no use for the higher aspirations of their wives. Their attitude toward the feminine pursuit of intellectual interests is a negative one. They are merely pleased with themselves for not interfering.

Phlegm is not the right solution to the problem. Though a *laisser faire, laisser aller* attitude may seem to the husband proof of his fairness, it is scarcely

satisfactory to the wife, especially if she is honestly desirous of living up to her marital vows.

If society had the courage to face one of the difficult problems created by our unnatural relations, they would realize that the question of the unmarried woman of high culture and education is a serious one, not so much on account of the women themselves as on account of society, of humanity, from the loss to the race of the procreation of offspring with superior endowments. We forbid, even to physicians, the teaching of birth control and forbid it even in cases in which it would be in the interest of society to prevent propagation, as with mental defectives and degenerates. We unblushingly discuss the question in public.

Now, if we are open on the negative side, that is, in forbidding the prevention of undesirable progeny, then we should be equally open on the positive side, in advocating the procreation of desirable progeny, a measure that would raise society's standards aloft.

The enforced or voluntary exclusion of the higher types of women is not only a great loss, it is a menace. It must lead eventually to a greater preponderance of the intellectually less fitted. There are not enough men to be their real mates. The men, if they take an interest in mental things at all, mature later, and by the time they are mature are either married or confirmed bachelors. The men who rest their claims on sex only are disgusting to them, and the men who have nothing more to offer than material support cannot rouse love or enthusiasm.

Society must give woman the frank right to shape

her own life to meet the situation. She must be allowed the freedom of natural selection, the freedom to choose her own mate who will satisfy her soul and body and be the father of the desired child of heart and brains.

Such a result, however, can only be expected if the man keeps step with the woman, or, better still, keeps steadily ahead of her a pace or two.

XXI

The New Eros

In his book on love the great Stendhal speaks of "crystallization" in love. It is a beautiful analogy with the process that takes place in physics when a twig is dipped into an over-saturated salt solution and lovely crystals form on the twig, growing larger and lovelier the longer it is left in the solution.

So, in love, the exquisite crystals form if the emotion is a long-sustained one and not an affair of flare-up and quick extinction by prompt physical gratification. The illusions referred to in the introductory chapter of this book, so necessary to a love relation, are given no chance to take shape and find a dwelling in the soul. The man comes to dislike the woman who by quick compliance robs him of his male illusions. He would rather she had allowed him to lift her on high, unapproachable for a length of time until he has struggled up to her height and at last conquered her.

These male illusions and the power of woman if she wishes to create them are beautifully described by Rabindranath Tagore in his contribution to the book of marriage, the Indian ideal of marriage: "In our language we designate the power of a woman over a man by the word Shakti. Without Shakti the social creative processes stagnate and the man who loses his vitality becomes mechanical in his actions. His energies and

activities are wasted no matter how many latent good qualities he may have.

"As a beloved, a woman's task is to instil ambition into a man's life. And the spiritual power that enables a woman to do this I call her power of enchantment, that which the Indian calls Shakti.

"There is a poem, Ananda-Lahari (the flow of enchantment) that is attributed to Shankaracharya. I believe intellectual beauty as sung by Shelley is identical with that Ananda. And it is this selfsame Ananda which the poet of Ananda-Lahari has visualized as woman. According to his viewpoint Shakti is expressed by humanity in the nature of a woman."

These psychic processes in a man's soul must be allowed to develop if he is to feel what the poets call love and if this feeling is to have any degree of permanency.

"This Shakti, this spiritual power of woman as the loved one, has until now been squandered by the lust of man who has striven to use it solely for the purpose of his own pleasure, whereby he ruined woman and at the same time shrouded her in jealous confinement. This has hindered the full development of this Shakti in woman herself. Woman's personality suffered continual hurt by being forced to confine its powers to a limited circle. Because it was denied its true place in the universe, it commenced to encroach on man's own individual rights, in desperation seeking the means of reasserting itself. But woman cannot achieve her freedom by deserting her own hearth. Freedom can only come within a social order where its true Shakti

and its Ananda have their true and highest goal of achievement."

Will the woman of the future strive only to rule, to compete with man; or will she realize that it will uplift her own reputation and benefit society if she uses her spiritual powers (Shakti) to incite and urge man on to his highest and noblest development, and that thereby a condition will result wherein she will receive the same reward of merit as the man whose deeds she instigated?

Again we must wake up from our dream of things as they are not and face reality. Deep abysses have still to be traversed before we can reach the heights of the new eros. In these abysses lie grossness, frivolity, voluptuousness, satiation.

Too many seek and find in love nothing more than the satisfaction of physical lusts.

That men of the past and of this day have come to this stage arises largely from the wide divergence in the psychological processes of the sexes.

Men passing women on the street cast appraising eyes on face and figure, admire this one or that for her physical charms, and desire her. Several men together will not discuss any of the woman's spiritual qualities, her cleverness, her goodness, her refinement, but only her looks. If they jokingly mention the goodness of her heart, they refer only to her compliance and what she has to offer them for their bodily gratification.

As for women, few of them even among the most experienced will think in such a way at sight of a man, even if in their unconscious minds there is thought of embraces.

Men have not yet adapted themselves to the evolution of woman's position. The simple thing they still demand is provided by the pretty young flapper.

For her their desire will be unmixed with the alloy of loftier cravings. But if love is to develop, then the process of crystallization must be given a chance. Under the influence of the purely animal stimulus, the beautifying, imaginative, plastic capacities of the man must be allowed an opportunity to operate. Only so can an affection develop that will be strong enough to overcome the arduous struggles and difficulties that life in general and life together with a particular person brings.

A man who honors a woman and has to court her, a woman who of her own will takes a man, will always see new excellencies, new beauties in the objects of their choice, new reasons for love and admiration. Each surrounds the other with a halo that maintains itself against all rationalization and disillusionment.

Fortunate are the two who during courtship gather in a treasure of mutual inclination and esteem. It is something they will have to draw upon in their future lives that will enable them to resist the disruptive forces that life is bound to develop.

Woe to the couple that wades through the mire which sullies the soul with ineradicable stains. All's well that ends well, is a saying that is not applicable to love. Beginning bad all's bad would be a better motto for our young people today to bear in mind.

All of us of both sexes have failings that we have to put up with in one another. We get on one another's

nerves. To be able to withstand this strain through the years there must be a counterweight heavy enough to keep the scales from dipping. If crystallization has formed in the early stages of courtship and love, if the two have considered the reasons for and against their companionship, then they have already traversed the Calvary of their love life. When Schiller said: "Let him who binds himself forever test whether heart meets heart," he should have added "and whether human being meets human being." For our primitive instincts alone, our bodily desires, our heart emotions, important though they may be, do not decide the prospects of an alliance that is to last. The great determinant is the genuinely human, the totality of each of the partners.

To the great mass of people the question under discussion does not exist. The relation of the sexes is to them only part of the function for the reproduction of the race. It remains an animal process with only an occasional gleam of the thing we call love, which for but a second illuminates the landscape in one tremendous expenditure of force and the next moment leaves darkness behind again. It is not like the steady, daily sunshine that warms and gives life. When there is no conscious problem, there is silence—no discussions, no articles written, or books published. The primitive feelings of the masses are translated into the language of the elect by the poets.

What is of interest to us are those inner conflicts which find expression in divorce proceedings, in the scandals in the newspapers, in the embittered, agoniz-

ing splits in families; which bring down the hypocritical indignation of the sexless; which furnish the themes for the modern problem plays; which are the object of the pity and sympathy of the helpless humanitarian.

An analysis of the morbid pathological love behavior of the modern organism shows beyond doubt that it is intimately connected with the freeing of woman from male domination. At the same time it is quite clear that her emancipation cannot be taken from her again; it cannot be undone; it is the inevitable consequence of economic development.

Since, therefore, we cannot cure the disease by robbing women of their new acquisition, we must look elsewhere for the remedy. If we cannot impose a thing by force, we can convert by suasion and education. If we cannot cultivate a sense of beautiful living, we can at least teach the recognition of what is ugly and repulsive. If we cannot get a man to do active good, we can induce him to abstain from evil.

Stendhal devotes a chapter in his book on love to the subject of love in the United States. That was before America had become the melting pot of the nations, when the Puritan spirit still prevailed. He describes in exquisite terms the relations of the sexes and speaks of the free yet innocent intercourse between young men and women.

Were Stendhal today to take a walk in the country on a mild summer evening, he would paint a less lovely picture.

Many an American girl, proud of her freedom and virginity, which she bravely defends as a true *demi-*

viérge, plays a game of hazard without risks, seeks and obtains satisfaction without damage to her body, though with bruises to her soul—experiences to be silent about—fresh wood corroded by worms—buds forced into flower before their season. What a waste of emotional values, what a squandering of potentialities, what a frittering away of spiritual treasures and beauty in the small change of titillations.

Passion is a force that seizes us and in one mighty lunge tosses us down into the abyss. Love is a power that carries us up to the heights.

Passion is the depleting force. It is unindividual, animalistic, the means to an end, temporal.

Eros, love, is the storing-up force. It is individual, spiritual, a means unto itself. It is beauty, imperishable, eternal.

I do not speak of the form in which passion expends itself. I speak of its inherent nature.

I do not speak of free love, the catchword behind which ugliness, dishonesty, and hypocrisy lurk.

I do not address the creatures that find their way to their stalls and are led unsuspecting to slaughter.

I address those who feel and suffer, who seek and do not find, who know but are uncognizant, who possess wealth but squander it.

Eros created the world. There have always been grand loves of individuals here and there. I speak of the love of the many.

The new woman exists, the new man is being born, the new love is still to come.

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